

ON THE BAGHDAD BEAT | PLANNING LIFE AFTER WORK

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE | www.macleans.ca

NOVEMBER 10 2003

PAUL MARTIN'S OTTAWA WHO'S IN & WHO'S OUT

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It's time to go when your most trusted people actually stop arguing with you.

part a metaphor for the city it serves. Ottawa is, as we report in our cover package, about to undergo its own renewal as the Liberals prepare to formally confirm Paul Martin as incoming prime minister at their Nov. 12-15 convention. In the nation's capital, the prime minister, not the mayor, effectively sets the tone around town. And the newer versions from Martin's ascent, as John Geddes and Paul Wells write, will echo in ways big and small.

Charges usually brings excitement—and reflection. In this case, and in a discernible and anchoring to the race, journalists and pundits are wrong much more often than they are to admit—but all those who said that political disaster would result from the 18-month lag between John Chiverly's retirement announcement and his departure from a floor have been right. You get a sense from some of his senior people—and from some comments that the PM made to author Lawrence Martin in his new book on Chiverly, *From Aislin*—first, too late, he often stands he has stayed on too long. The office goes for him, and the extra time in office terrifies a strong, overall legacy of contribution to the country he lays on much.

The war has been bad for Martin and his people, too. Their enthusiasm to get on with their task of running the country is understandable, but their impatience has made them look pushy and grasping, and the war period has set a level of expectation for him that can't possibly be met.

Years ago, I remember talking with an acquaintance in Christen's office as he pondered his own future. He knew that nothing he might do next would ever match the buzz he got from his present job. The best thing, he said, would be to leave when things were going well and his personal job-market value

“In Ottawa, you get a sense that the PM now understands how the waiting game has tarnished his image.”

son's," chief of staff Louis Pellegrini, communications vice Peter Donofrio and his straight-shooting appointees director Penny Colwell and Northern Bell's vice Donofrio know much about official Ottawa when they arrived—and that may have been a mistake, because they brought different perspectives. Colwell, for instance, was one of those people a leader meets most because of their willingness to say No to her boss. One sense you got in recent years in Ottawa was that the people who spent the most time around the PM weren't nearly as willing to bring their professional challenges home. Maybe that's the last lesson for Paul Martin to absorb as he prepares for the challenge of fulfilling his life's biggest ambition: to become, some day, it's nice to go when his next transition period says arriving next time.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

angustula@mac.leeds.ac.uk is mentioned on The Author's Letter

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'Strange thing about surgical wait times, isn't it? When was the last time a person of fame or wealth had to wait? So much for "universal" health care.' —**GEFF WARDEN**, Ashmont, B.C.

Healthy cynicism

Children are stressed and their parents are stressed, seeking comfort through food and tobacco, you say ("5 ways to make Canada healthier," Cover, Oct. 27). If the burgers and smokes don't kill us, we'll be forced to wait for hip replacements and nursing home placements while working at McDonald's because of our relentless pension plans. Where, then, Alchman's, is being labelled the disease of the new millennium. What are we saving ourselves for?

Netty Bryant, author

As a psychologist who has treated obesity for many years, I know how incredibly difficult it is to live with and overcome. The development of national programs for the prevention of obesity is critically necessary. We have become a culture of spectators rather than participants. Large segments of our economy are reliant on a ready supply of efficiently contained and powerfully passive substances to flow through our theories and most consistently in front of computers and TVs. Even outdoor activities tend to be mechanized rather than some healthy, vigorous, human-powered activity. People ride pre-built and "personal watercraft" rather than canoes or kayaks. Country trails tend to be dominated by all-terrain vehicles instead of hikers or bikers. This is a heavily advertised, profit-driven phenomenon that needs to be compared with through an equally powerful campaign of advertising and support for activities and lifestyles that keep us active and alive. Another powerful market force contributing to our social environment is the food industry, which continually tempts people with high-fat and high-calorie foods. Of course, personal responsibility is critical to the maintenance of good health, but national responsibility is no less critical to the health of our nation.

John Fleming, Toronto

The five problems you mention are of great importance to the health of Canadians. But all are symptoms of the disease that afflicts us as a society: the refusal to take responsibility for, and believe in, a preventive



policy for, and believe in a preventive answer toward, our own health. I doubt there is one adult Canadian who is not aware of the effects of poor eating habits on cholesterol levels, high blood pressure, diabetes and cancer. Yet we refuse to limit our consumption of the things that we know will make us ill. We wait until the test results are through the roof and the doctor is waving the prescription in our face before we cut back on the habits we know are bad for us. We wait on pharmaceuticals to magically repair the damage we have been doing for years. Only when we grow up and start making wiser choices to protect our own bodies will the increase in disease start to level off.

Walter Hill, Burlington Ont.

TV tactics | Shout louder, kids, to help the leader find his way

Nothing is a photo of New Democratic leader Bernard Lord in our Oct. 27 issue, Paul Lamont, of Edmonton thinks he looks like Mervyn, former head of the children's show "Mutt's Club." "There are kids of his from the children's party across all the towns," writes Lamont. "What would I suppose be named in Ottawa's Question Period?"

The urge to merge

As a member of the Progressive Conservative Party, I am having a hard time deciding whether or not I should approve of the PC-Alliance merger plan ("Two to tango," Politics, Oct. 27). If we are dropping the "Progressive" from Progressive Conservative, it becomes the sign of the Alliance members would be too brazen to concede too much to the Tories, or because their party will not be progressive? Perhaps both. If it is the latter, we are in trouble. Canadians fear social conservatives. Leadership is key. Not Stephen Harper or anybody equally ideological. Perhaps not even Mike Harris. Electing Scott Brison, a young, socially progressive, locally responsible MP would draw young, middle-class voters. This new Conservative Party must appeal to the broad centre, as well as the more right-wing side of the electorate to succeed in the next election.

Mark Goss, Grenville, France

How can it have been forgotten that Progressive Conservative Party leader Peter Mealy became the leader with votes he gained specifically on the promise that he would not restrain discussions about uniting with the Alliance?

Gordon Timmer, Vancouver

It appears that certain members of the Tories and Alliance have undertaken a long and tortuous journey only to find that they've come full circle to the same place. Might I propose "Regressive Conservative" as an appropriate name for this new coalition?

Melissa Anderson, Toronto

Canada's political right is in disarray, not again but still. It seems there is always a fringe group willing to break away for its own narrow political agenda. Where other parties tend to come together in unity for political strength, the right is divided still. In the 1920s a group of disenfranchised farmers, formed the Progressive Party of Canada, only to return to the fold in 1942. Other right wingers who could not get what they wanted within the party formed the Social Credit Party, the Western Canada Concept, the Confederation of Regions and the Reform party of Canada. Having been born and raised in Alberta, it is very noticeable that so many of these people are from my own province, and strange that so many who



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have so much claim to be so downtrodden within the party and within Canada. The Librarians will never be challenged until the conservatives elect a leader with the courage to stand up to the wharves and say, "No you do not come back under your terms, you no longer use Blackmail to get your own way!"

Bill Stewart, Ontario, Ont.

Ivory powers

In "Ivory and Forgery" (Archaeology, Oct. 27), John Gaudin raised questions about the authenticity of a 3,000-year-old carved ivory pommegranate, included in an upcoming exhibition at the Canadian Museum of Civilization. It is certainly unfortunate that the article is based on questions raised by only one person and not on any new scientific findings. In fact, this article's authenticity is overwhelmingly supported by extensive research conducted over the past 20 years by the Israel Museum—a highly respected authority on the Biblical period—and leading experts in the field around the world.

Mark D. O'Neil, Rose President, Public Relations and Publishing Committee, Museum of Civilization Hall, Ont.

Barbara-Catrine, Montreal's Museum of Archaeology and History, where the exhibition *Archaeology and the Bible* is currently being presented, would like to make it clear that the information on the inscription on the ivory pommegranate was arrived at following thorough scientific research involving the Israel Museum (the owner of the piece exhibited), the Israel Antiquities Authority and independent Canadian and Israeli experts. Nothing in your article indicates what new information or scientific analysis convinced Prof. Frank Moore Cross, who had previously authenticated the pommegranate and its inscription, to reverse his position. It is only natural that there should be some doubts regarding an object that is not a "well-documented find of a reputable archaeological team." But for such doubts to be expressed without supporting evidence is unlikely to shed valuable new light on what are sometimes controversial topics.

Robert David, Professor, Old Testament, Faculty of Theology, University of Montreal

Target practice

Well, I'm so sorry that Barbara Withers and the rest of her generation had to go through



Haitians are forced to live in shacks, for sleeping when their tent would make so much more sense.

"Boomers have it tough, too," Essig, Oct. 27. Her complaints sound a lot like my own. "We had to walk to school uphill both ways"—and her life of deprivation (200 students in first-year psych class and not owning anything original or unique) sounds rather childish to me. The group she is actually berating is not Generation X, as she puts it, but the "Real" generation (1966 to 1979), the smallest cohort in the last 50 years. Well, I have a lot of grievances, too.

Despite graduating with no honors BA and working for three years overseas, I'm back in Alberta working for a travel agency making less than \$20,000 a year. Well, that should be plenty to pay off my \$30,000 in student loans. The reason business can afford to buy high end merchandise is that the rest of us actually had to pay for our education and are trapped in low-end jobs. Oh, by the way, in my first-year psych class there were over 400 students.

Jennie Gibson, Edmonton

Learning to love Haiti

Alexandre Trudeau says he was so Haiti looking for the pay he finds in Africa, but found agony instead ("Is the shadow of suffering," Haiti, Oct. 27). Where'd all he look? I have been to Haiti about 10 times since 1997. It is precisely the joy of the people amidst their suffering that has motivated me that keeps me going back. Haitians are famous for their smiles, for grinning God when they would be so content not for doubting His existence, for singing when

there would make so much more sense. My Haiti has violence, war, disease and a poverty so oppressive it is palpable, yet it is so much more.

Lucia Alfano, Head Secondary Health Together for Haiti, Kingston, Ont.

I imagine much of the mail you receive in response to Alexandre Trudeau's article on Haiti will be angry, or at least feisty, admonishing him for what he didn't see. Mr. Trudeau's criticism in travelling to Haiti was explicit and refreshingly honest. For 500 years, Haiti has been exploited by greedy, powerful, arrogant and well-meaning "whites." It has endured well over 30 years and so many trips to Haiti to understand how one can walk respectfully with one's fellow man given such obvious disparities. What I do know is that there can be joy in Haiti when we first choose to understand and accept the roots of this suffering, and respond respectfully and respectfully. Something in Mr. Trudeau's article makes me wish that there were more like him in the world. Here, for one, needs them.

Debbi Wolf, Executive Director/Program Manager, Foundation for International Development Assistance Centre, Whitefish, Ont.

Never again

I am likely as glibly as anyone of being able to hear news stories that describe atrocities being committed in our world and not fully appreciating what I am hearing. So, I would like to thank Gen. Roméo Dallaire for draw-

ing attention to this issue in a way that makes it impossible for people like me to ignore ("Boiling waters," Maclean's Excerpt, Oct. 27). The events in Rwanda that the general describes should never be allowed to happen. The world community has the ability to ensure that the random slaughter of those kinds of innocent people does not occur. I would like to see the general's memoirs discussed on how Canadianism can help improve such a tragedy.

Michael Roadbridge, Winnipeg

Brain surgery

Canada has a long history of expertise in neurosurgery with great contributions by many talented surgeons, including the world-renowned Dr. Walter Dandy. The neurosurgical procedures they developed

“Canada leads the world in using ‘tele-robotic’ surgery to perform procedures on patients in another part of the country.”

now enable physicians like Mark Bernstein ("Neurosurgical nurse," Over to You, Oct. 26) to intervene and save a life where once the patient would have died. Bernstein's expertise came from the staff at Toronto Western Hospital and an outstanding Asian emergency physician now involved with the exploration of space and the development of new technologies to help bring health care to astronauts, his very bright but busy senior residents from my own clinical experience. Canadian expertise in telecommunication technology will be a central element in the provision of telemedicine support to deliver services from our country in the future. Canada is now leading the world in a new field of medicine based on space technology. Surgeons may now use advanced telecommunication technology to perform "tele-robotic" surgery, performing procedures on patients in another part of the country. Yes, as we move to remove health care with new technologies, in the end we realize it is really all about doing our best for our patients. We are fortunate to have so many talented clinicians and researchers in Canada doing their best for Canadians every day.

Steve R. Williams, Canadian Space Agency Astronaut, Houston

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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



CANADIAN OF THE YEAR

Keanu Reeves, actor. Margaret Atwood, author. John Fisher, activist. Inshad Malik, journalist. Ralph Klein, politician. Mike Weir, athlete. They're all well-known Canadians and they're all people who may be named this year's first-ever Maclean's Canadian of the Year.

The individual will be named in the magazine's 2003 year-end double issue (which also includes the 20th annual Maclean's Year End Poll). The Canadian of the Year must be a good news achiever and since we're talking about the greater good of all Canadians, the person chosen will almost certainly be someone with national profile.

But as the names above suggest, while the choice may be someone who has made a positive contribution, that doesn't rule out controversial figures.

Whether a politician, a celebrity athlete, entertainer or businessperson, he or she must have done something beyond their usual role; the person must have devoted time to a significant cause or charity.

As our team of writers and editors scour the country and abroad for Canadians of distinction, we also want to hear from you, our readers. Because, in conjunction with the selection of the Maclean's Canadian of the Year, we're also going to unveil the results of the first-ever Maclean's Readers' Choice Poll.

We invite you to visit www.macleans.ca and cast your vote for the following categories:

- News Event of the Year
- Entertainer of the Year
- Athlete of the Year
- Scientist/Tech Wiz of the Year
- Canadian of the Year

So have your say and look for the results of the Maclean's Readers' Choice Poll in our year-end issue available on newsstands the week of Dec. 22 and on-line at www.macleans.ca.

For further information about this article, contact behindthescenes@macleans.ca.



A guide to the on demand world The big picture

Yes, I'm sure on demand is very, very, very important. What is it again?

It's an on demand world. When did it happen? Who pushed the "on" button in on demand? Did we just wake up one morning to an on demand world?

Not really. Business and technology continue to merge. E-business has continued to increase customer expectations. Pressure to deliver instantly has reached a critical mass: a tipping point, where on demand becomes the norm. So what is on demand? To a consumer, it's getting what you want, when you want it—like, renting a video right on your TV set. For companies, it's integrating your processes internally, and with partners, suppliers and customers. So when opportunity knocks, you're ready. And as people get more things on demand, the more they'll expect it from you. Are you ready?

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Nature | The night sky dances to the tune of a solar storm

For those who keep track of such things, it was the third most powerful solar flare in recorded history. That of course doesn't account for the many millions of such occurrences that send our hairpins or perhaps even electro shock some poor benighted creature from its comfy sludge. From the point of view of the sun itself, however, this was probably nothing more remarkable than an after dinner belch, even though it was a gaseous eruption a couple of million times more powerful than a hydrogen bomb and beamed directly at earth.

By week's end, though, two days of a di-



The northern lights over Alaska; close-up of an erupting flare, taken by a NASA space satellite

rect hit solar storm produced no widespread power outage, as was the case in 1989 in Quebec, and no meltdown of cellphone communication, as had been anticipated. Japan lost two satellites. And a few airplanes reported communication problems in the polar latitudes where geomagnetic currents were doing their craziest dance. Mostly, the flare just left a magnificent array of colour in the night sky over much of the world, the visage of a titanic struggle of elements in the upper atmosphere and a reminder of how we are all here in the sufficiency of a cupicious star.

ScoreCard

Yikes: Low scores and more skivvies than the chess club at a high-school dinner. Guelphs took great notice (most of 'em seem to be playing to land five defences), but fans weren't. Hockey is the new soccer, time for bigger ants.

Alison Christian: Signs he may retire before February, sparing Canadians the spectre of a two-headed gismo monstrosity, equivalent to the 1990s. What spawned change of heart? Too early for a walk in the moon, must have been Hall-leaved view of Night of the Living Dead.

Twice Over: Ontario Tory grandeur on one platform of sound fiscal management, then lobbed Ontario with \$2.5-billion deficit. Lately may sink master Mike Harris's hopes of leading united federal Conservatives. Biggest loser, surely, is Unemployment.

AIEVIE: Death a mere inconvenience as estimates in US\$40 million last year. Other public challenged musicians are lost. Sales (estimates, \$20 mil.); George Harrison, \$30 mil.; Tupac Shakur, \$30 mil. Talk about your grateful dead.



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Quote of the week: 'I had a really beautiful postcard from England, showing the high altar of Durham Cathedral, and on the back they'd written: You fornicating, lecherous pig.' U.S. Canon **GENE ROBINSON** on some of the response to his becoming the Anglican Church's first gay bishop



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UPFRONT

WORLD

CHINA A measure of how well the world's most ambitious economy is growing: car sales shot up 70 per cent for the first nine months of the year and the increase wasn't just at the low end. Audi sales rose 66 per cent.

POLO An attempt by the World Health Organization to throw a polio vaccine around disease-ridden Nigeria stalled when Muslim areas in the north rejected vaccinations for fear they cause infertility and AIDS.

BRITAIN Antony Jones dumped party leader Iain Duncan-Smith, a married staff former military man. They looked ready to replace him with former home secretary Michael Howard, a lawyer with, it is said, a taste for the political jugular. Smith was voted out by caucus before he had a chance to face the electorate.

ARRESTED Russia's stock market went into a tailspin after masked police pulled the rich car man in the country, oil tycoon Mikhail Khodorkovsky, on charges of fraud and tax evasion. Prosecutors also froze his control over his giant company Yukos. It's the first time in what some called a political vendetta by President Vladimir Putin because of Khodorkovsky's support for rival factions.

UPDATE After being stranded for nearly three months at sea with no takers, Australia's "ship of death" finally unloaded its cargo of 32,000 live sheep in the impoverished African nation Eritrea. Rejected initially by Saudi Arabia for health reasons, the sheep had been offered free of charge to at least 20 countries.

Despite the presence of an international army searching for al Qaeda, high-yield opium poppy cultivation has increased in Afghanistan. The poppy now being grown in 28 of the country's 32 provinces, the United Nations reported.

ACQUITTED Former Italian prime minister Giulio Andreotti was formally acquitted by Italy's highest court of ordering the Mafia killing of a journalist in 1979. He had been acquitted once before and then found guilty by an appeal court in November 2002.

AMERICAN A rebounding U.S. economy surged to a 7.2 per cent annual gain in the



CALIFORNIA BURNS Colossal wildfires raged for four weeks through southern California and parts of Mexico, leaving at least 20 people dead but a case of smoke and suddenly stifling flames. The fires have destroyed some 400,000 hectares, blown roads lots and more than 2,000 homes in suburbs and resort towns in the mountains outside Los Angeles and San Diego. Property damage is being estimated at almost \$3 billion.

third quarter, its best showing since 1994.

New York City's crime rate fell to its lowest level since the 1960s, making the Big Apple one of the safest big cities in the U.S.

MIDDLE EAST Hezbollah guerrillas, said to be backed by Syria, fired rockets from Lebanon into Israel in the regional strife showed no signs of abating. Israel said it was preparing for an attack along its northern border.

Israel was also embroiled in an internal controversy as the country's top military leader, Lt. Gen. Moshe Yaalon, and that

Israel's go-tough approach to Palestinian terrorism is counterproductive.

PEOPHILIA A damning UN report found that child sex "brigades" are rampant in Czech towns along the German border. Some child prostitutes are as young as eight, and some children are being sold into sex slavery by their own families.

MERGERS Bank of America will become the second-largest bank in the U.S. by taking over FleetBoston for US\$48 billion. The

BY GREG HARRY



move may mark the beginning of an amalgamation in that some analysts said will prove too expensive for acquisition-minded Canadian banks to follow.

SEPT. 31 The official death toll for the 2000 senior strikes on the World Trade Center was revised downward by 40, to 2,752.

SCIENCE | HEALTH

FINDINGS Aspirin may be a wonder drug for heart ailments and some kinds of cancers, but long-term use increases the risk of pancreatic cancer in women, according to a study by a Boston medical researcher.

British scientists have hailed and named chronic brain-wasting disease in baboons, a breakthrough that may lead to treatments for mad cow disease or its human counterpart, Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease.

Pets such as cats and ferrets can acquire the SARS virus and spread it to other animals, Dutch researchers find. It is not known whether they can pass it to humans.

CLONING LAW After nearly delays, the House of Commons passed a bill to ban human cloning and the selling of human eggs or sperm. The same controversial element of the new law will allow scientists to correct sperm



SUNLIGHT Trapped for six days in a dark cave near a southern Swiss town, nearly a kilometre from the surface, 11 of 13 miners were eventually hoisted to safety. "What we take the miners," one said, "it was like the appearance of Christ."

cells from human embryos destined to be destroyed for medical research. Opponents are vowing to continue fighting the bill in the Senate.

IMPLANTS A surprising 40 per cent of Canadian women with breast implants want them removed because of complications, according to a survey by an epidemiologist at the B.C. Centre for Disease Control.

COPIES B.C. health officials are trying to track down people who were tested for sexually

transmitted disease in Coxsack over a year ago. A faulty diagnostic machine there reversed results for some of the 3,000 patients who were trying to find out if they had contracted chlamydia or gonorrhea. During an 18-month period ending in May 2002, at least 83 people were told they were clean when they actually had a disease. Others went through treatment they didn't need.

CANADA

CINCINNATI Toronto police and family members have raised over \$85,000 as a no-questions-asked reward for the safe release of Cecilia Zhang, the nine-year-old who was taken from her suburban home in the middle of the night almost two weeks ago. Police now believe more than one person was involved in the abduction, but a city councillor helping the family said no one had been really heard from the kidnappers.

ROMASCAP Montreal police arrested seven men, aged 19 to 50, for spray-painting anti-Cretil and PLQ slogans on a community building in Bore of Urfé, a predominantly English-speaking suburban district wary of the newly amalgamated city. A device said to be a homemade bomb was destroyed by police.



The Streakers are Canada's newest weapon, although they are reportedly grenade-challenged.

DEFENCE Defence Minister John McCallum has somehow come up with more than \$500 million for 66 "soft armour" Streakers. Lighter and more mobile than a tank, the Streakers are eight-wheeled carrier that is a new favourite on the battlefields of Iraq and Afghanistan. An earlier study, however, said the Streaker was vulnerable to rocket-launched grenades. Because of a donor shortage in the armed forces, the Department of National Defence is also dipping into its pocket to offer medical recruits a \$225,000 signing bonus.

RED INK Ontarians will pay close to full market price for electricity now that Canada's largest province is nursing a staggering \$5.6-billion deficit, new Liberal Premier Dalton McGuinty said. An electricity cap, set by the former Tory government and supported by the Liberals, was removed after a report from former provincial auditor Rick Peters said the books were nowhere near being balanced, as the Tories had claimed during the recent election campaign.

TERRORISM Canada is still unprepared for a large-scale terrorist attack, particularly on a port, according to a Senate committee report that said too many central government agencies were disorganized and inadequately staffed.

Canada's nuclear regulator, the Canada Nuclear Safety Commission, is overseeing the building of barriers to thwart terrorists in the waters near all of the country's nuclear generating facilities. But the board ruled out

installing missile batteries that could shoot planes out of the sky, far from an intentional shooting.

AMONGST The Archbishop of Canterbury has asked British Archbishop Robin Eames to conduct a nine-month study into how the Church should deal with homosexual parishioners. A different examination is taking place in Vancouver, where some clergy have been called on the carpet for refusing to go along with Bishop Michael Ingham's policy of blessing same-sex unions.

WIND As many as 40 young people are strifing gasoline in Nanaimo, a brand new Inuvik community in Labrador that was built by Ottawa to help the band escape the addiction problems that had plagued David Inlet, the remote town where the Inuvik formerly lived. Chief Simon Tishagosh said the community needs its own on-site addiction centre, although he noted that many of the kids had already been through a detox program at St. John's three years ago.

JUSTICE In two far-reaching decisions, the Supreme Court of Canada upheld the principle that polluters pay, a key element of almost every provincial environmental law that had been challenged by Imperial Oil in Quebec. The court also gave its blessing to a law allowing police to obtain warrants to collect DNA samples from suspects involved in violent crimes such as rape and murder.

BLOODY WATERS

Stripped of scales, hauled into a cage near the bottom of the water, were spotted and hoisted onto a boat, the water around it turned red from blood. Dolphins have been hunted this way for centuries in Japan, but the environmental group Sea Shepherd wants the practice to end and Canada in photographing the blood of someone took this photo to show the world.



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Mansbridge on the Record



A HARD ROAD TO GLORY

The path to the Olympics is driven by passion—starting in improbable places

DRIVING through Bradford, Ont., on a Saturday evening a few weeks ago, I came upon a sight that could be found in communities big and small across this country. The fall night was approaching, the air was cool and a light rain fell. Next to a neighbourhood high school, a solitary figure ran around the dirt track that circled the football field. He looked to be in his late teens, was dressed in various running clothes, and had the gait of someone who knew his sport. I chose to believe, at least for the moment, that this was someone in the often lonely world of training for, and dreaming of, a spot on the country's Olympic team.

That got me thinking. Canada's Olympic athletes all start somewhere—in places that rise, at best, look improbable to others. The swimmers grab what spare time the local pool has available, dabble as the risk while the stars still shine, hiring the star with the latest attempt at a triple jump, basketball players stand around in a far from interesting for the sound of a perfect whistle.

None of them ever stop training, even after they reach their goal. It reminds me of a profile I saw earlier this year of one young Canadian paddler trying to make the national team for their third Olympic appearance. Antia and Tereza Buday are brothers who have been in canoeing since they were 10. The other is a used auto parts store—but still train for 30 hours a week. Thirty hours a week? That's a passion, not a hobby.

In some ways, they're typical of the majority of Canada's Olympians: they dedicate almost all their free time to their dream, and when it gets closer to the Olympics, they give it

everything, but it's not quite enough. The Budays' best Olympic finish has been seventh place. For Canada, there have been many seventh and eighth and lower over the years. These finishes usually become the basis for commentators claiming there is something seriously wrong with the Canadian system of producing athletes for the Games. Their kind of talk was common, especially through the '90s, when all but a royal commission was demanded to answer the question: "What's wrong with Canada on summer sports?" I've done more than a few panels on the subject myself.

Which brings me to my point: maybe there was a lot less to those panel discussions and commentators than we claimed, especially in light of recent revelations that more than just a few of the world's top male athletes may have been competing and winning with the benefit of some superbly masked performance-enhancing drugs. The details are still sketchy, but their appears to be evidence that while other world-class athletes and their sponsor countries were bawling Canada during the Ben Johnson scandal, they were fully aware that the only difference between them and us was that they were better cheaters. What all this could mean is that some of those seventh and eighth Canadian found so difficult to accept a few years ago may well have been performances to celebrate, assuming that some of those who were up on the podium were guilty of getting there by doping.

That's why I spent so much moment watching that young fellow running around the Bradford track the other night. To me, he suddenly became a symbol of how hard our athletes work for their chance at glory, and how unfair some of it may have been based on the performance they lay down for themselves and their country.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of The National. To connect: jelmans@cbc.ca

Passages

ELECTED: Paul Meest, 47, became the first westerner to head the Canadian Union of Public Employees, Canada's largest union. A long-serving executive member of the Manitoba chapter, Meest replaces Judy Darcy, 53, who may run for the federal New Democrats in Vancouver.

WON: Louise Gagneau, 46, a Montreal set designer, took home one of Canada's biggest art awards, the \$75,000 Seneca Award Prize in Theatre.

WON: After 13 years on the professional circuit, Toronto's Paul Tracy won his CART drivers' championship after rival Bruno Junqueira of Brazil spun out and crashed in the last race of the season. Tracy, 34, was the second Canadian to win the season trophy, after Quebec's Jacques Villeneuve in 1995.



STAYED: Toronto anti-poverty activist John Chubb, 48, had his second term for inciting a June 2000 riot at the Ontario legislature thrown out of court. The first prosecution ended in a mistrial.

INJURED: Winnipeg speed skater Cady Kluge, 24, the first Canadian in decades to win an event world cup speed skating championship, was severely cut across her right arm by a training partner's skate and will miss half of this year's World Cup circuit.

WON: Singlely against Al Chavira, 37, was carried off with a stretched face in his last World Cup match, a 24-7 win over Texas—Canada's only victory in the three-week competition.

DIED: Baseball announcer Robert (Red) Roddy, whose booming "Come on down" was the signature line of reliever's The Prince of Right for 17 years, died of colon and breast cancer in a Los Angeles hospital. He was 86.

BORN: Ice Skater Paul McCartney, 61, and second wife Heather Mills, 35, were the proud parents of baby girl, Beatrice Nifty, born three weeks early.



Shopping | The politics of prescription drugs

It may be a pill too big to swallow. Two years after U.S. senators began taking bus-tours to Canada for some cross-border medicine buying, Americans are gobbling up an estimated \$1 billion worth of drugs from Canada's former pharmacies each year. It's an appetizer that is suddenly causing concern on both sides of the border. Last week, angry U.S. pharmaceutical giants announced plans to curb supplies to Canada's e-pharmacies and Health Canada warned that cross-border sales could "be potential for drug shortages" here at home. Health Minister Aron McLean said there's no evidence of that happening yet. But some pharmacists are bracing for shortages, particularly in Manitoba, home to 36 of the 130 pharmacies that export to the U.S.

On the face of it, the prospect of aiding Americans upholding all the costs of Canada's prescription drugs seems far-fetched, though much will depend on the U.S. getting its regulatory act together. America is the only industrialized nation where pharmaceuticals are the price of medicine unfettered by government regulation—and that has made prescription drug prices there the highest in the world. The potential to save about 60 per cent by buying from price-regulated Canada has suddenly attracted the interest of major cities, such as New York and Boston, and a long list of states, including Illinois,



Senators from Manitoba stock up in Winnipeg before getting back on the bus for that long ride home.

Michigan, Iowa, Kentucky and Minnesota. All are scrambling to shave millions from their health care budgets, also to help fund-of-sorts. Gov. Tim Wirth of Minnesota calls it "the prescription drug equivalent of the Internet Tax Parity Act." Americans are fed up.

How'll this play out? Well, U.S. congressional leaders are now discussing proposals to allow imported medicine from north of the border, even though the White House is vigorously opposed. Still, it's hard to imagine Canada becoming the continent's pharmacy. U.S. drug companies may want to keep product and profit to Canada's on-line suppliers. But that's a power play that's hard to win. If they shortchange Canada just to keep prices high in the U.S., they'll have customers on both sides of the border ready to throw themselves in someone's harbor.

STEPHANE CHEN

OnSpec

War horses. With 2000's again changing the sitting, you can find some of the old war horses kicking at the wall from former New Brunswick premier Frank McKenna, 55, is making moves about running alongside old friend Paul Martin. And there's a much bigger popper former NDP in town that President—ac 61 he's almost as old as the departing PM—might take to the party column in Ottawa Centre where he lives. Meanwhile, about this is a long shot. But the discount it could bring on the flowers the Liberal standard-bearer is expected to be former Richard Mahoney, a Marine major and former party bossing who is widely considered a cabinet shoe-in.



MACLEAN'S

PAUL MARTIN'S OTTAWA

CHANGE IS GOOD.

Sometimes soon—maybe as early as this week, maybe as late as December—Jean Chrétien will throw in the towel, prorogue the House of Commons and effectively bring an end to his decade as prime minister. He will still have the job title. He may keep it until February, or he may hand it cheaply to Paul Martin after next week's Liberal leadership convention. The distance between an "early" and a "late" retirement is shrinking so rapidly it now obscures only the two men concerned, a few bored green gallery brats, and the odd Liberal backbencher with dreams of a ministerial promotion.

What matters is not the precise date of change so much as the simple fact of it. Ottawa's pathocracy pretexts have been a change-free zone for much of the last decade. The locals can barely hold their expatriates for a new chapter to begin.

Political staffers who were too closely identified with the Chrétien regime have been clearing out of town. So-and-so is off to study in London. Someone else has moved to Toronto to work for Dalton McGuinty, Ottawa's new Liberal premier. Still others are preparing to run for Parliament, peddling the mercy of the elec-

torate to that of Martin's chief of staff, whoever that will be.

This is what happens every time a new regime sets up shop on the banks of the Rideau. One of the first things a cub reporter notices on Parliament Hill is that even an organization as large as a ministry or a government takes its personality from the person at the top. Call it that outsize theory of public administration. Many film critics believe a film represents the director's vision, no matter howling the cast and crew at who wrote the script. In just the same way, a minister—and all the more so a prime



Canadians will soon see more than just a new leader. PAUL WELLS examines the coming regime change, while JOHN GEDDES weighs the Ins and Outs.

minister—determines not only the priorities of a department or a government, but its personality, its quirks and its flaws.

Brian Mulroney's Ottawa was flamboyant, chaotic, a who-do-you-know town in which cronyism and corruption determined advancement. (Well, everyone's Ottawa is like that, but Mulroney's was an extreme case.) Pierre Trudeau's capital, especially in his first mandate, was an endless policy seminar or a same Jewish boarding school of the mind. Technocrats and policy experts defined their planning grids while the real world, as useful as its ministers, declined to perform as the charts and the handouts said it should.

If you mentioned planning to Trudeau in the morning, Chrétien once joked, you would have to answer all day. It was precisely the sort of joke Chrétien would make, because planning is the sort of thing he would rarely do. Chrétien proved his able-

B.C. SENATORS

OUT—Senator Fitz

Perhaps the least surprising of Christen's many patronage appointments was establishing his gutting bad-boy and long B.C. power broker Ross Fitzpatrick in the Red Chamber in 1986. As the founder and former CEO of Wincoy Resource Corp., Fitzpatrick ranks as a top B.C. mining mogul. But his friendship with Christen goes back to a stint working on Parliament Hill in the 1980s. "There were times when it was not easy being a Liberal in British Columbia," Christen said of Fitz, "but because of his good work it is a new very pleasure."

IN—Senator Jack

Widely rumored to be Martin's pick for Senate leader, Jack Austin is a rarity in the Martin camp—a politician rooted in the Trudeau era. Austin was a top lieutenant and briefly Trudeau's principal secretary before Trudeau appointed him to the Senate in 1975. As a senator, he held a series of cabinet posts, including minister of state for social development in the early 1980s. After Trudeau's resignation, Austin often travelled abroad with him. A Vancouver lawyer, Austin has specialized in Asian business deals—an expertise that gives him cachet in the Martin camp, where global credentials count for a lot.



Austin

ONTARIO TIES

OUT—Conflict

Clashes with Mike Harris marked low points in Christen's relationship with the province. Previous Ontario premiers had positioned the most populous province as the candidate's birthplace of Confederation. But Harris's Tories often sounded more like anti-Alberta or Quebecers. Sparks flew over reduced federal transfer payments to the province. In March 2006, Christen lashed out at Harris for the Ontario government's "jagged and misleading" ads attacking Quebec's funding sources.

IN—Concord

Dillon McGuinty, the new Ontario premier, has signalled he plans to play nice. There are plenty of personal links between the McGuinty and Martin camps. Brian Guesz, a key Martin spokesman, once worked closely in Ottawa city politics with Brendan McGuinty, the premier's brother. Tim Minchin, a top Martin strategist and organizer, is a former Ontario MPP and once-time president of the Ontario Liberal Party. And McGuinty's Ontario is not the only bright spot in red-province relations for Martin. We'll have the federalist John Guesz to bargain with in Quebec's white-hot Chrétien bid. Bousquet off for most of his tenure against the separatists Jacques Parizeau, Lucien Bouchard and Bernard Landry.



POWER SHIFT IN QUEBEC

OUT—The gay marriage minister

Too bad for Martin. Cauchon—he was just starting to find his stride. Court decisions put the gay marriage issue on the table, but the justice minister showed grit in making the issue his own. After first being elected MP for a Montreal suburban riding in 1995, he served in the shadowy revenue portfolio before getting the plumb justice post early last year. His loyalty to Christen is noticeable. Recently, Cauchon defended Christen's right to make decisions right up to the point of his departure—after Martin signalled any late policy moves are subject to being reversed.

IN—The Vote No organizer

Now outside Quebec: Have heard of Edouard Fillion, but that will change. Fillion, who arrived in Ottawa last year after winning a by-election in a safe Montreal suburban seat, has an inside track for a cabinet job. She was a key organizer for the federalist cause in Quebec's 1995 referendum. Becoming her was something of a coup for Christen, but she signalled her Martin affinity by saying there would be "universal relief" if Christen stepped down. As a former radio and TV personality, she's a polished media performer. And she knows all about the competitive instinct: she was the first female sports reporter allowed into the Montreal Canadiens' dressing room.

“

Paula signalled her affinity for Martin when she said there would be 'universal relief' if Christen stepped down



Cauchon

VERBAL CLUES

OUT—Non-normal normalcy

Christen was given to calling a matter "normal"—especially when it was anything but. Here he is on pressuring the president of the Federal Business Development Bank for a loan in a hotel in his riding, after previously denying he had anything to do with the decision. "So I called him once or twice. He came to visit me at my house with a group one day. Was it normal? Question: It is?"

IN—Unclear clarity

Martin often remarks in a Maclean way that he wants to make something perfectly "clear." Often the more opaque his point, the more likely he is to apply the transparent adjective. Here he is on an issue at the spring of 2000 that his operatives had not to discuss: Christen's refusal to step down, and what to do about it. "My position is very clear," he told the reporters. "Mr. Christen has the entire right to make his own decision and I respect that decision." Of course. What could be clearer?

ty to improve more than he trusted any schedule or formula concocted by any egghead with a pocket protector. He had no patience for delay, or any dilutions about his ability to explain details comprehensibly. He decided the half life of useful talk is about 30 minutes, and reserved a particular dash of wrath for anyone who dared be long-winded in his presence.

"First time," he said at his first cabinet meeting after the 1993 election. "Helicopters."

"Clear limit," he said at his first cabinet meeting after the 1993 election. "Helicopters."

Which reminds me: he could be a stubborn one, too. These helicopters are still coming. They are going to stop cancelled until he has day on the job—eventually means to flip their arm to do it.

So to Christen's Office, if you want to catch somebody leaving a meeting, you had to show up a half hour before it was scheduled to end.

If you wanted to reframe

about a particular department's plans for next year, you might as well make something happen. Because nobody was sure about most things yet.

If you were looking for gossip, you could look somewhere else, because the people closer to Christen had a handy little reminder of their place in the pecking order: "Those who know don't talk. And those who talk don't know."

MUM'S THE WORD

Soon enough, the whole city was cast in the director's vision. The history of Christen's Ottawa will inevitably be skewed because it will be written by, or about, the very few people in it who had any influence.

CHRÉTIEN trusted his ability to improvise more than he trusted any schedule or formula cooked up by an egghead with a pocket protector. He didn't like details.

beyonce or indisciplinable in all people like John Tash, who fought a fish war once, or Warren Kinsella, the strategist whose scrappy instincts warned the boss's heart but whose coolness actually made him a rarity during his occasional stints in the boss's Ottawa.

Most of the people who rose in Christen's Ottawa were so reserved, low-key, goal-driven and inside they might as well be minks. Twenty years from now, nobody will be getting angry about wild nights at the press club with Tara Zalesky, who was Jane Stewart's chief of staff over at Human Resources, or Kris Polk, who wrote the funny bits in Christen's speeches but who was stuck dumb on the rare occasions his job required that he speak to a journalist. Guys like Zalesky and Polk kept the trains running on time. They kept secrets locked safely away. The boss liked it that way.

Christen's Ottawa had his weaknesses too. Overconfidence

about Quebec before the 1995 referendum, for one, followed by an all-out rush to set things right after "a society chapter missing [wasn't]," former defence minister Art Eggleton says in Lawrence Martin's sprawling new Christen biography from Men, "there was nothing more important than the political situation in Quebec. Nothing else."

In fact, Quebec came to play the same role in Christen's cosmology that black holes do in Stephen Hawking's: it represented a singularity where otherwise trivial rules ceased to apply. So it was OK to talk on and on, world without end, as long as you were Stéphane Dion and your topic was federalism. It was OK to sleep each morning like a hard-boiled egg as long as some civil leader in Shawinigan was in the pocket of a federalist staffer. You could even throw a man in a public park if he was Bill Clement and rumored to have separate sympathies.

Another departure from universal rules could be observed on the rare occasions when Christen's Ottawa pondered the wider

world. Henry Kissinger and Charles de Gaulle liked to say their countries had no friends in the world, only interests. For Christen's Canada the formula was precisely inverted. He signed on to his friend Ed Clark's Kosovo war, but not to George Bush's Iraq war. In each case comfort with the ally had as much to do with the choice as did a precise calculation of interest. In his briefest new about world affairs he could be apologetically one-dimensional. He wrote China to look for jobs and was happy when he reported asked whether he was looking for human rights abuse as well.

TO HIS CREDIT

But he balanced the budget, earned the center on debt and taxes, put the country's priorities on a sustainable footing, passed \$1 billion in rate research and innovation since 1998 with hardly a scry of credit for the effort, saw the backdoor Paris Québec parliament. Some will want to credit star scores like Martin or Dion for those triumphs. The safest theory, however, requires that the

director receive credit for smart casting choices. Recall that in 1993, Martin wanted to be industry minister.

New Prime Minister promises to shift his own career for his own production. How will his Ottawa be different?

In important ways it won't be. Martin remains a Liberal who was closely involved with the big choices of the Chrétien years. The well-known his predecessor's fondness for balanced books and for spending on research, universities and the rest of the knowledge economy. Many of the differences will be matters of style, but when a man has a megaphone the size of the Canadian federal state, style can go a long way.

Martin should be taken at his word when he says he Ottawa will value genuine conversation more than Christen's. His personal democratic culture—where one Martin has vouched called "the democracy"—will mean his government is not governed in halls will pass in the House. Votes will count, so debates will matter. Ministers will have to become better spokesmen for their projects

POWER COUPLES



Collette

“

The transport minister announced a boost for VIA—only to have the Martin camp warn it would be reviewed

OUT—Toronto clout

Two events signaled that David and Penny Collette's day as the pre-eminent Christian-era power couple was all but over. First came the news in early October that Penny, who served as Chretien's patronage courier from 1992 to 1997—handing out hundreds of grand appointments—had bowed out of the running for the Liberal nomination in an Ottawa riding. That left Martin insider Richard Mahoney the favorite to run in the safe seat. Then David, the PM's staunchly loyal transport minister, announced a nearly \$200 million subsidy boost for Via Rail—only to have Martin's camp warn Via not to spend a cent until the new order reviews the pledge.

IN—Vancouver pull

Martin's top strategists, David Hurlb and Kevin O'Leary, form the most obvious power couple in his entourage. Less widely known is the West Coast duo of Mark Martens, 37, one of Martin's top B.C. organizers, and his wife, Christy Clark, 38, B.C.'s deputy premier and education minister. That personal link to the provincial government of Gordon Campbell could come in handy for Martin, especially since Campbell has allied himself closely with Alberta's Ralph Klein. (B.C. Liberals cross over to the right-of-center territory.) If Martin hopes to build his big ambitions for ending western alienation, he'll need a conduit to Pacific power.



because if they cannot sell they will lose.

The Sunday political chat shows showed, as a consequence, become more entertaining to watch. Lobby firms will grow fatter (happy as interest groups like them to whisper into MP's ears). One of two things will be true: either Martin's famous temper in the face of defeat, or the sincerity of his professed eagerness to encourage dissent. Probably both.

Planning will be back as a big wag because Martin can be a spectacularly shifty improviser. At Finance he was a jet-set minister, a master of the PowerPoint presentation whose eyes took on a haunted look whenever reporters gathered to scrutinize him. He will rehearse and stage as much of his administration as events permit, and then a bit more on top of that.

Hyperbole will be back because he is less like than Chretien to resist clapping himself on the back about the progress and the boldness of his projects.

The capital's pizza joints will prosper as debates in a dozen offices late late into the night and a new generation of staffers has to order out for dinner.

WHO'S CALLING?

Loyalty and consensus may actually be more important to Martin's Ottawa than they have been in Chretien's. Judging from the extent to which Martin's emergence in 2003 resembles his emergence in 1990, it is hard to imagine him hiring, say, a communications director he barely knows, as Chretien did with Peter Dinko in 1991, then again with Françoise Durois in 1999, then again with Jim Munton in 2002.

The Liberal backbenchers whose eyes go

starry when Martin's name is mentioned will be astonished at how quickly the job aduces him to human scale. But stay near the office now because you will be in a new danger. Martin worked closely with his own strategists in a dozen countries when he was the money man in the global economy he was one of a "foreign minister" than Chretien had ever been. The biggest hope he often is that under him, Canada's complexity might begin to be reflected in the sophistication of its conversations with the wider world.

One always courts trouble when one looks on the bright side of a Canadian prime minister, but let us now do so in spades. Trudeau made Canada a sovereign country.

Mahoney made it a trading country. Chretien has made it a prosperous country. Martin has a chance to make it a country that will take its place in the world. The weary denizens of Ottawa, at least, are eager to watch him try. □

MARTIN'S promised democratic reforms mean his government is not guaranteed its bills will pass in the House. Votes will matter, so debates will matter.





The Medical POSTING

Surprise finding may lead to Parkinson's therapy

Toronto researchers have made a surprising discovery that could lead to new treatments for Parkinson's disease.

They've found people with the disease have low levels of a protein involved in the brain's control of movement. The protein—called "neurotrophin"—after a video game character—was thought to affect only the developing brain and not the adult brain.

Parkinson's disease is a slowly progressive brain disorder characterized by shaking and difficulty with walking, movement and co-ordination.

To investigate the role of neurotrophin in the brain, researchers at the Montreal Neurosciences Centre at Toronto Western Hospital measured the chemical activity

of brain slices from adult rats with and without the addition of neurotrophin.

The researchers found the gene for neurotrophin is switched off in animals with a condition similar to Parkinson's disease. The discovery could lead to new drugs that treat Parkinson's disease by increasing levels of neurotrophin in the brain.

Radiation patients need life-long followup

People who receive radiation therapy for cancer need to be monitored for the rest of their lives in case they develop new tumours caused by the radiation.

In a study by researchers at the University of Kansas in Kansas City, those new tumours occurred anywhere from nine months to 49 years after the radiation therapy.

Dr. Keith Sule, the lead study author, says the risk of radiation therapy causing cancer is low—between 0.4 and one per cent—but because the time to development of new tumours is so variable, "life-time followup of patients who receive radiation therapy is clearly warranted."

Sule and his colleagues reviewed

FYI About one in six, or four million, Canadian adults ages 15 years and older has arthritis. Two-thirds of those affected are women, and almost three of every five people with the disease are of working age.

(Source: Statistics Canada report, Health Canada)

patient charts from 1985 to the present in the Kansas Tumour Registry and found seven male and six female patients (ages 13 to 78 years) with radiation-induced malignant tumours.

The new tumours were located in an area that had received radiation for a previous malignant or benign tumour. But the new cancerous growths appeared to be unrelated to the original tumour. The average latency period between the initial treatment and development of the radiation-induced tumour was much shorter in this study than in other reports—17 years versus 32 to 36 years, Sule says.



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POLITICAL WIVES

OUT—Reticence

We heard so little from Aline Chretien, the Prime Minister's quietly elegant, great wife. She came within from blue-collar Shawegans. Of her influence with her husband, more was assumed than really understood.

IN—Even more reticence

Expect even less from Sheila Martin, the Prime Minister's down-to-earth spouse. She came with him from Windsor, Ont.'s upscale Walkerville enclave. Of her influence with her husband, it's safe to conclude that her steady personality causes balances his excitable nature.

INNER INNER CIRCLE

OUT—Powerful pedigrees

Chretien clambered his way to the top from Shawegans, but he chose top advisers with sterling Ottawa and Montreal establishment pedigrees. Eddie Goldenberg, his closest confidant and new chief of staff, is son of Carl Goldenberg, the late Liberal senator and prominent Montreal lawyer. His campaign-chiefman was Power Corp. executive John Rios, son of a distinguished diplomat and brother of former Ontario premier Bob Rae. Maybe they helped lead Chretien the security he needed to move among these born-at-noon-with-influence

IN—First-generation players

Martin grew up in a mission in Windsor, son of one of the most powerful federal politicians of his day, but he has chosen self-made political operators as his closest confidants. Terrie O'Leary, his former chief of staff and one of his most trusted advisers, is daughter of a Toronto limo pub owner. David Heile, sometimes described as "first among equals" in Martin's close-knit circle of strategists, is son of a small-town Saskatchewan farmer and grain buyer. Maybe they help give Chretien the security he needs to talk with Canadians about born-with-his-midway access to the corridors of power.

Goldenberg

THE OLD SMART GUYS

OUT—The Ottawa insider

The master tells us much about the student. Chretien's mentor, Mitchell Sharp, was a businessman-turned-politician when he saw promise in a brash young Quebec MP in 1965. As finance minister in Lester Pearson's cabinet, Sharp took Chretien in hand and taught him the Ottawa ropes—as understood by the quintessential career public servant. Three decades later, when Chretien became prime minister, Sharp, at 82, joined his team as a dollar-a-year in-house sage. The key lesson: Chretien valued Ottawa experience and lots of it.

IN—The world insider

Maurice Strong is only nine years Martin's senior, but has played a major part. Martin joined Montreal's Power Corp. in 1966 as its assistant. Only a few months later, Strong talked out to head a new federal foreign aid agency. But Martin stayed on the business track where Strong got him started. And Strong's jump to the world of international affairs—where he would emerge as one of the UN's most powerful officials—provided Martin with a lifelong contact at the highest level of global influence. Now, Strong is moving to Ottawa—though what role he'll play for Martin remains a mystery. One life to watch: Kyoto. Strong is a leading advocate of the climate change treaty, while Martin has remained vague about how he would achieve Canada's commitment to greenhouse-gas reduction.



THE mentor



THE technician

GRITS ON THE SIDE

OUT—Harvey's

Chretien is partial to the Canadian burger chain, and even settled in for one of its flame-broiled offerings for a meal once. This was 22 months earlier.

IN—Wendy's

Chretien has learned that Martin and his entourage favour the chain of the late lamented Boss Thomas. Politically risky to choose a U.S. burger purveyor, but Wendy's is paired with Tim Hortons at many locations.





Photo Essay | BY DAVE CHAN

CAMPAIGN MOMENTS

Up close with the would-be prime minister

OVER THE course of the past year and a half, Ottawa politician Dave Chan has enjoyed unparalleled access to Paul Martin as the former finance minister played out his strategy to take over the leadership of the governing Liberal party. Chan has been working closely with Martin and his team, documenting the Montreal MP's quest to succeed Prime Minister Jean Chrétien. Some scenes from the long campaign:

ABOVE: Martin addresses reporters on Parliament Hill on Sept. 22, the day after delegates selected for next week's leadership convention ended.

TOP LEFT: The would-be prime minister finds a quiet spot to speak privately on a cellphone during a June 2002 barbecue with his staff in Ottawa.

FAR LEFT: Martin laughs at a card from staffers gathered at his campaign headquarters in Ottawa to celebrate his 65th birthday on Aug. 27.

LEFT: Martin jokes with staff members in an Edmonton hotel room on May 3 to watch TV coverage of the leadership debate earlier that day.





SEEKING ANSWERS

An inquiry into the death of a Montreal photojournalist in Tehran has become a showdown between reformers and hard-liners, JONATHAN GATEHOUSE reports

TO JOURNALISTS in Iran, Saeed Mortazavi, the all-powerful chief prosecutor of Tehran, is best known and feared for the room he hand his office. At a long table, several young men sit with stacks of magazines and papers before them, pens in hand, scanning them for offending passages. When a story warrants too many circles, underlines or question marks, suicide collect it and places it on the prosecutor's desk for final judgment. Depending on Mortazavi's frame of mind, careers can be ruined, publications shut down, reporters jailed, and occasionally far, far worse.

Zahra Kazemi, it is alleged, falls into that final category. On June 22, the Iranian-Canadian photojournalist was detained for taking pictures outside of Tehran's notorious Evin prison, a warehouse for dissidents

and protesters. For 77 hours she was questioned by authorities—first the police, later intelligence agents—who saw the combination of a camera and a foreign passport as the telling cards of a spy. At one point, things took a brutal turn and the 34-year-old Montrealer was rushed to hospital with

massive head injuries. She died on July 10, without ever regaining consciousness. Now, according to a report by a committee of Iran's parliament, Mortazavi, the man who led the official investigation into Kazemi's death and is overseeing the trial of the intelligence ministry agent accused of beating her into a coma, is the one who should be facing justice. In an extraordinary challenge to the hardline clerics who control the police, judiciary and almost all of the political power in this country, reformist members of parliament are saying Tehran's chief prosecutor tampered with evidence, ordered witnesses to lie, and may have been present when the blows rained down.

"We are clearly sure that anything that happened to Zahra Kazemi happened because she was delivered to the intelligence

"MANY Iranians have said that her death will not be in vain if it means journalists will be better treated in the future"



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MEAN STREETS

The attacks confirm what police already know—Baghdad is a dangerous place

When U.S. troops rolled into Iraq last month, it was with the hope that a newly freed people would reject and all opposition be quickly crushed. Those hopes were sadly misplaced. Last week, in the worst sustained outbreak of violence yet, suicide-car bombers devastated the Red Cross headquarters and four police stations in the city in 45 minutes of seemingly coordinated attacks, killing more than 35 people and wounding more than 200.

Those attacks occurred at the start of the holy month of Ramadan. Just the day before, a deputy mayor of Baghdad was assassinated and media showed a trio of Al Qaeda fighters. Although we narrowly missed the U.S. deputy defense secretary, Paul Wolfowitz, a major architect of the war, most of the attacks were directed at Iraqi targets. Possibly appeasing a new phase of opposition in the U.S. sector, they seemed designed to punish those



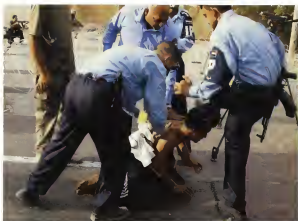
Rescuers in the Iraqi capital cover the body of one of the victims of the Oct. 27 bombings

co-operating with the American. Speaking at the White House, President George W. Bush said the bombs and rockets would not force the U.S., which has seen more than 2,500 of its soldiers killed in action since the fighting began, to change its strategy. He called them a sign of desperation on the part of an enemy that is losing the battle for control of the country. While the new wave of bombings may not cheer the U.S. out, it has dealt a harsh blow to American efforts to rebuild the country's police force, considered the core of U.S. plans to restore security. Police in Baghdad complain that they are endangered by criminals and terrorists, and they know the fact that the U.S. has yet to properly arm them. Maclean's correspondent Aaron Moten recently went on patrol with police in the capital, experiencing the problems they face and witnessing their conflict state. His report:

THE WORD "address" is retweeted in Arabic on the back of Obaid's right hand. "They kidnapped my son Sejad," he says, with pleading eyes and a pained rictus behind his teeth. "Two-and-a-half years old." The officer doesn't wear his insignia to know he is talking to a journalist, so he sits in the back of my car parked 800 m from his Baghdad police station. "Before the gang kidnapped my son," he says, "they'd kidnapped another boy whose father was rich. They asked for US\$25,000 and settled for \$20,000." But when Obaid appealed to his superior for help, he was turned down flat. "They told me to be political and go to my table for help," he explains, winking his eyes and raising his hand upward in a supplicating gesture. "The tribes are making the decision because the police are scared."

In post-war Baghdad, kidnapping, murders, arm sales, drug dealing and prostitution are the staples of the new economy. Iraq's American administrators are still counting on police to restore law and order, but the streets are becoming more dangerous by the day. At Obaid's police station, a coil of razor wire rings the building; a contingent of U.S. military police hangs outside. The Americans won't venture out without body armour, and then usually in thunderous shows of force in military vehicles. The Iraqi police force, however, is ill-equipped to maintain order, often lacking guns, bullets, handcuffs, radios or even cars. Still, Iraq's warriors have embraced this force, motivated by hardy change from its days under Saddam, as its primary weapon in the battle to stabilize the country.

Portage nowhere is evidence of the criminal anarchy engulfing Baghdad, a city of five million, more depressing than the Ramatouli market, located near the Ministry of Health. It has a special room that looks like a proceclonary's office, with a black,



Angry police claim the United States has failed to properly arm them

puddled table and storage. This is where they test female kidnapping victims who have been reasoned and released to see if they have lost their virginity. "Virginity is very important in Iraq," says Dr. Qasim Salama, who oversees the unit. Some days, he says, as many as five girls are crumpled in. Most, the doctor says, were raped in captivity. And so we will subsequently die in "honour killings" at the hands of relatives who accuse them of bringing shame to the family.

And more women will be raped, remarks Iraq police Maj. Mustafa Mutali in his station, because the 70 officers there, whether 24 guns and 30 radios, can barely keep up with the criminal gangs. The situation has left him cynical. "My favourite movie is *Duqul Wiek* [with Charles Bronson]," says Mutali, sitting behind his empty desk in an empty office. In the movie, a New York police detective joins forces with Bronson's character, a vigilante, to snow down muggers, rapists and killers. "Baghdad," he says, "is like Brooklyn in that movie."

Even under constant threat, police in Baghdad seem to observe the way they do the

work over by developing a network of widespread contacts. And Mutali says the newly driving privatization trade in the city is providing valuable information. "If thieves do robbery afterward they go to the warehouse to spend the money," he says. "If we want to find someone, we go there." I find one of the hideouts in a narrow alley lined with two-story houses made of unpainted brick the colour of desert dirt. As I enter, a fat woman, not 30, puts her hands on her thighs and looks herself to her feet with a slight smile. She wears a green headscarf, stained red. Under Saddam, prostitution could bring the death penalty. Salah, whose constitution is a storefront, runs for customers in the back, and decorative prints of birds on the grimy walls, says a lot of girls were executed. That forced the world's oldest profession underground, but now it has crawled back into the open. "The police protect us," she says as one of her "girls," a fat woman

with a black flowered dress, cuts a piece of fruit next to her. "They come by to see that we're all right." She fails to mention that a week earlier, another woman allegedly killed one of her prostitutes with an AK-47, although the motive is unclear. In another case, a mafiosi hotel gangster kidnapped and killed a competitor, but they brought the hit and killed the wrong woman.

ON MAY 1, Bush declared an end to "major combat," but in that month, according to the city's medical conference, 520 civilians died by gunfire, up from 49 in April. Since then the toll has risen steadily, reaching almost 600 in August. But those are just the bodies that make it to the morgue—many more simply disappear. Police say they could do more to stop the killing, if only they were properly equipped. "I have no arms," said one officer. "We went on a patrol to catch some gangsters two days ago, but we could not return to the station. We were in one car with only three rifles and no spare magazines."

Police still use traditional tactics: wearing the traditional usupras and wearing up spran-

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Iraq >

checkpoints. Some, like Col. Hussein Jeloun, believe checkpoints to have put a dent in the chaos. He has a scruffy, rumpled blue uniform, a patch and a brand new Motorola radio, one of which he holds over his ear. One evening, with a thin film of tearful grimace floating in the Baghdad heat, I join Jeloun as he leads a disorderly convoy of Iraqi police, arms waving, into the streets.

Within minutes an urgent call for help comes over the radio. "We need a patrol unit now at the Al-Kurdi markets. Please!"

The colonel, sitting next in his patrol car, turns down the request. "Don't confuse us," he barks. "Everyone has his own orders." His mission: run a series of weapons checkpoints in Khadimya, one of the city's toughest areas.

Police cars and pick-ups, some with officers being Kalashnikovs, sweep. Within minutes gunfire rips into the air about 800 m

away. "E-15," the colonel says into his radio, "check out the source of the gunfire."

The lieutenant, E-15, runs to his car and four other police officers pile in. In seconds off, then stops to ask an Iraqi where the shots came from. He points one way. Another witness points in the opposite direction. But the "crime" was quickly solved. Thursday is a day for weddings in Iraq, and firing Kalashnikovs into the sky is the Iraqi version of throwing rice. Pulling over a grey minivan, the police find a Kalashnikov and a 45-calibre pistol under the seat. The owner, a fat man with a yellow shirt, would normally be arrested. It's illegal, by decree of Paul Bremer, the top U.S. administrator in Iraq, to travel with unlicensed weapons. The passengers want to keep their guns, but the colonel gives the seized weapons to his own police officers, who are unarmed. The fat man, a Kurd, is angry. "I'll have to buy another gun," he says. "It will cost about \$75. It's completely illegal, but going without is completely unthinkable."

Later the police confront a group of street kids, barefoot and scrawny, living on the banks of the Tigris River. Americans call the area "blue alley," in reference to a party thinner the teenagers stuff. Many are also

addicted to prescription medicine, including Anacin, an anti-painkiller's drug. The cops drag the street kids one by one from the hawk grocery to their squad car. Late, Adhemad Mahammed, a middle-aged officer who benignly watches the proceedings, explains that the boys live off money they steal. An officer who looks 60 days and kicks one you, almost losing his balance in the effort. Then they shove two boys into the trunk of their squad car. "Why are you beating me?" pleads one of the boys as he



Shooting no money, officers stuff street kids into the trunk of a car

is jammed in. "Why did you knock my teeth out?"

The police lower the lid, making the noise and the begging seem even more pathetic, and the lieutenant explains with a straight face that the kids have been locked in the trunk for quantifying. Shortly afterward, though, the boys are let out and, with a kind of paralyzed fear, they're put in the back seat where they sit, wide-eyed and scared, as they're driven off.

With police badly outgunned by criminals and terrorists, many people like Obeid, the officer whose son was kidnapped, are turning to tribal leaders for help. There are more than 2,000 tribes or ancient clans in Iraq, some numbering more than 100,000 people. Their leaders, suppressed or bought off by Saddam, have re-emerged to fill the power vacuum that followed Saddam's ouster. The tribes are often well armed and can serve as a counterweight to the police. Obeid got the help he needed from his tribe. After paying \$300 through an intermediary and waiting 12 days, he got his son back. He won't press charges against the kidnappers. Even though he's a police officer, that would have revenge on Baghdad's dangerous streets.



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LESSONS FROM NATURE

Past market performance is not a good recipe for future behaviour

NATURE—AND MARKETS—go to extremes. Living outdoors or investing on the assumption that long-term investors are safe behaviour guides can lead to painful outcomes. That reflection came from recent visits to three drought-stricken communities—Victoria, Vancouver and now Denver. Only Denver's still dry, although getting somewhat wetter. Colombia voted on Nov. 4 on a referendum authorizing the state to construct big water insurance projects. The proposition is likely debated because it would involve shifting water from the low-population western side of the mountains to the heavily populated east side.

From local media coverage, it seems as if the percentage of Democrats is higher on the aqueous side than on the arid side, where Republicans abound. Those on the western side are opposed to sharing their water, although they remain eager to share in the wealth generated by Denver and environs. There's sharing—and there's sharing.

Perhaps Colorado's problem will be solved. In C. Ayte, with recent rainfalls and floods in Victoria, I was told the drought was due to global warming. Local Westerns held men dances and prayer fires to appease their gods. Maybe the farmers are rethinking their gods. But droughts, floods and hurricanes are nature's way of suddenly shifting water distribution. Always has been, and always will be, however much it mayicken Western.

Extreme measures to control nature's tendency to extreme ways can produce extreme results. When the U.S. government tried to goodie goodie as a "controlled fire" as a conservation measure near Los Alamos, N.M., they unleashed a conflagration that destroyed vast areas of vegetation during the season when mother birds were sitting on their nests. The firebugs claimed, in their defence, that it was a safe season for fire, because it wasn't the time, according to weather records, for worst-case winds. Yes, strong winds can, and did occur in spring, but the burners relied on long-term averages.

Markets also go to extremes—always have and doubtless always will. In 1999, when U.S. stock prices soared to 10 times their 1980 levels, we were told by sophisticated stock oil peddlers—I labelled them "bills

and misanthropes"—that the stock market had delivered average returns of 9.5 per cent since 1926, so investors could confidently sink their life savings into stocks, regardless of their lofty levels. They could count on those 9.5 per cent average returns.

Well, one kind of extreme began another. Peter Bernstein, one of the most admired institutional investors, now cites the 2001 high-tech crash in support of his provocative claim that the long-established principle of "buy and hold" investing has become an imprudent strategy. Wall Street is shocked at this heresy from one of investing's high priests.

Buy and hold as a principle lacks the longevity or spiritual authority of "to have and to hold." Yes, it's certainly wiser than

monks. (To be fair, the same reasoning was used, in their day, to claim personal glory for Al Johnson and Kate Smith.)

Wise investors recognize such faddism and search out unrecognized investment opportunities among beaten-up industries where relatively few companies have managed to survive sustained earnings droughts.

A perfect example is the commodities sector, where the long-term profit averages have begun to reassert themselves. In the two decades since 1980, companies producing basic materials experienced mostly rough times. Result: the world got cheap oil, gas and metals. Now, with Asia booming, demand for basic stuff is growing dramatically. Naturally, those years of low commodity prices and disappointing (or disappointing) earnings thinned the ranks of producing companies. Commodity companies have been, in investment terms, extremely attractive compared with companies that produce optical fibre and gizmos any teenager can handle with delight.

If you knew when the next would come to Squawish, you could have bought a boat, thereby eliminating that sage who built an ark in the desert, much to the chagrin of the staid bourgeois locals. What you should know now is that it will take years of large-scale corporate investment in mineral and gas wells and mines to supply the world's demand

for stuff. Until oil and mining costs become extremely fiddly right (as they were in the 1970s), they will be around investments. Opening a typical mine takes seven years or so from the time the ore body has been proved up, and it takes at least a long to get gas and oil from remote regions to markets. That means, in investment terms, a buy-and-hold period that's not extreme, but probably extremely rewarding.

It's only natural.

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LIFE AFTER WORK

KATHERINE MACKLEM tries a new way to get her retirement plans in order

ONE MORNING, 15 businesswomen gather for a breakfast meeting in a small conference room of a downtown Toronto office tower. We are there at the invitation of Ruth Bissado, an investment adviser with RBC Dominion Securities Inc., and we are drawn by the tantalizing prospect of getting our retirement plans in order. The other women are polished and bright. Clever even. I'm feeling nervous and slightly claustrophobic. I'm sure everyone else is either younger or better paid than I am, or they've somehow saved more

for their retirement. How did they do that?

The fact that I have to ask that question is, of course, the real reason for being here, and, after hearing the others talk, it's why they're here as well. Bissado, a new mom

with a newborn, often a novel twist to financial planning. She tells her clients up with a life coach and helps them figure out what they want out of life before helping them devise an investment strategy. A de-

cent refugee, Bissado co-founded an Internet services firm in 1997, then left the company in 2001—after it was gobbled up by a bigger fish. At her mother's suggestion, Bissado, a computer 35-year-old who laughs with a great he-he-he, plunged from the busy world of tech into the stead—some say spiteful—world of finance.

She has part of the look down. This particular Thursday, she wears a crisp navy suit, her hair, short and spiky, has traces of the tech scene. In an era when investment advisers all seem to have a niche—some specialize in Asian markets, others target specific kinds of clients such as dentists—Bissado, like her, focuses on professional women between 35 and 55, particularly women entrepreneurs. Not only is the following her own personal interest—she's an active member of Women Entrepreneurs of Canada—but, pragmatically, she's got a growing market in her sights. There are record numbers of new women entrepreneurs, whose ranks are growing at twice the rate of their male counterparts. And of course there are plenty of working women in Canada who, just as I do, need financial advice.

Before I'd heard of Bissado, I was already fretting about being late to the retirement-planning game—by now, I should have put more money aside. But as mother of three, most of my earnings (like most of my time) have been gobbled up by family life. I'm envisioning a life I know who, like me, is in his mid 40s. "I've used the retirement calculator—most financial institutions have this—to find out how much money I'll need," he says. He knows he can retire at 55, because he's set up a fund that will act as a bridge until he's 65, when "other stuff"—government support, company pension—kicks in. He makes it sound easy. It's his glowing life he claims not.

Another friend, who just turned 50, says she's been aggressively paying off her house and soon will be mortgage-free. "Is that enough?" she asks. "It's scary," she admits. My planning style is closer to hers than his,



and according to an unscientific poll of friends and acquaintances, we're not alone. Smart people have a little lived-with cash, pay cheque for regular RRRP investments. The truly brilliant contribute the max to their RRSPs but money still accumulates in the less obvious ways. I've done some digging for the March *MoneySense* & Royal Bank survey found that 42 per cent of Canadian adults don't even have an RRSP. Some may have assets (pensions, RRSPs, mutual funds), but I bet most don't. The bank also discovered that only eight per cent of Canadians rate their knowledge of investing as sophisticated, yet three-quarters of them still make investing decisions either completely on their own, or with just a little advice from a professional. "What you have here guys," a bank spokesman says.

For Barredo's session, we've been asked to list 25 things we'd each like to accomplish in the rest of our lives. Thirteen (or an even five) goals are easy to write down. More acquires serious introspection. It's not as if you're just making up a Christmas list, which for me starts with a little something made by the kids, or a journey to keep their rooms clean. And then maybe some lovely little things and a bottle—no, make it a case—of nice wine. My life goals are very more complex, but as the thought of sipping wine while looking in the tub sinks in, I get on a roll. Then the session part starts after I rebuild the Back Fence and end up with Six Months in Tuscany and Major Trip With Each of My Kids. Then after Pay Off the Mortgage and Invest Enough for Comfortable Retirement.

LATER, I TALK WITH the life coach. The thing I want help with is time management, specifically putting aside a couple of hours to go for a solo stroll on weekends. She tells me it's all about perception. "I'm hearing, 'There's no time,'" she coach says. "I'm suggesting another perspective. Try this other one on." Like it's a little black dress that will bring new meaning to my life. She says: "My life is full and I have time for myself!" As if.

Once our list of 25 are done, Barredo wants us to prioritize the items into categories of short, medium and long term. To help,



we are guided in the (breakfast session by the life coach through a series of exercises that are like group therapy—relaxed, not comfortable and a bit revealing. The point is to establish a time frame for one's ambitions, so Barredo can recommend investments that might fund those dreams in that timeline. "The idea," she says, people decide what they need to tap into money they've been socking away to support them after they stop working. "The temptation to hold the kitty is pretty great, especially if you haven't planned for short-term goals," Barredo says. She wants us to think about, as she calls them, the chunks of money they'll need or want in the next five to seven years. The kids' university fees, a vacation maybe, or a cushion to help launch a new business. "A lot of damage is caused by taking out too soon the money that's been designated for long-term objectives," she says.

I'm not sure the coaching is for me, it seemed a bit simplistic, frankly. But the exercises force me to think about what I want out of life. Not everything on my list of 25

is expensive, necessarily. Exercise and our better, or read more fiction, for instance. But there are things that will need medium-term financing, including university fees. The delayed time is short term and Tuscany is long. As I'm writing all down, I know my finances won't cover it. No matter, Barredo says. She suggests I make monthly payments to a non-RRSP investment account to fund mid-term objectives.

Barredo works closely with her mother, Alice, who provided her into the investment business. Alice, now 64, followed her father, R. Bruce West, who was president in the 1960s of A.E. Ames & Co., prior to its takeover in 1981 by Dominion Securities, which is where both Alice and Ruth are employed and which is

now owned by Royal Bank. The reason for getting clients to write down their goals, says Ruth, is to separate out the planning process from the investing strategy. The exercises and the life coaching are a structured way of doing what her mother has been doing for decades, she says. "What Ruth is doing is getting all the serious stuff out of the way," says Alice in her no-nonsense way. "You know why it's so slow? It's because you have to look at reality. Unless you do, you're living in a fantasy world."

Barredo, a mother of two, admits one of the most challenging parts of her job is to help clients get past the barriers and get realistic about their financial security. "I help them work on how to stay in the game and still have a satisfying life," she says, followed by one of her trademark ha-ha-ha.

I like that. Might as well laugh at the absurdities of life. I mean, I'm still trying to figure out how to live my dream life when I know I'll never be able to afford it. It's like seeking that slippery quality called balance in a life that barely can squeeze into a quart with. Barredo gives me a little clue, something I've known all along. "Sometimes you have to start looking at trading off things," she says. For some crazy reason, that thought doesn't make me unhappy. Not with her laugh, that ha-ha-ha that says we're all cracking about these murky waxes together. ■

Contributing columnist @maclean's rogers.com

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OK, PREMIERS, GET IT DONE

It's high time the provinces kept their promise to assess health care

THERE IS a dry chart tucked innocuously into a recent report by the Canadian Institute for Health Information on medical imaging. You wouldn't give it a second glance if you were examining the study's scrupulous tally of what machines are where. But it's an eye opener: CITH has figured out how Ontario spent as \$224-million share of Ottawa's \$1-billion Medical Equipment Fund, announced with such fanfare in 2000. Turns out the largest single chunk of the money was used to buy X-ray equipment. Now no one said the humble X-ray, invented in 1895, deployed throughout the last century, did not constitute

the ideal equipment. But it is surely not the kind of high-tech in vogue that most Canadians expected. Sure, Ontario did buy digital imaging equipment such as CAT scanners and MRIs. But, with only 30 MRI scanners in Ontario today, or 4.1 machines for every million people, that controversial decision to invest \$68 million in X-ray equipment surely merited informed public debate.

It didn't happen—because there is a critical gap in the health system. CITH can only assess what's done, but no one takes that data and decides whether health-care dollars are being wisely spent. Last year, both the Romanow commission and the Senate report on health care called for the creation of a federal-provincial council to do that monitoring. Promissory, in turn, faithfully promised to create it by last May. They missed their deadline. Two weeks ago, they once again guardedly chattered about the council's creation, most are now preparing lists of their nominees. But it is clear they want to wait until Paul Martin is prime minister, preferably early next year. Then, if the feds make federal cuts for health care, some will like to move faster on the council.

What's wrong with our political leaders—and our political process? How long do Canadians have to wait before politicians start thinking about the public—and not their selves? Last February, in a much-ballyhooed meeting, first ministers emerged with an intricate agreement on health care. That accord committed Ottawa to at least \$34.8 billion in increased support over the next five years, including an additional \$1.1 billion for the medical equipment fund. In turn, the

provinces committed themselves to a series of joint endeavors, many with firm deadlines. So far, they have missed every target. ■ The 27-member national council, which CITH chairman Michael Desjarz will likely chair, is at least one year behind its scheduled start-up. The 13 provinces and territories already created it in two nominates, one from government and one from a non-governmental sector (Ottawa selects the chair) but the council's mandate remains unsettled. Some provinces, principally Alberta, want to limit its purview to an examination of progress in home care, pharmacists and primary health care. Others say it should consider every aspect of health. In a recent essay in *Respect Quarterly*, Desjarz suggested it should probe everything from wait

controversy with Ottawa which, after all, has earmarked \$16 billion for reforms in primary care, home care and catastrophic drug coverage.

■ The provinces also promised to draw up, by September, a list of additional performance indicators that they would use to measure the quality and timeliness of care. They adopted 14 key indicators such as life expectancy in 2001—but have made little progress in properly measuring those. Proposed new indicators include wait times for breast cancer radiation and the percentage of doctors accepting new patients. These are things every Canadian would like to know about—and compare. But when health ministers met in early September, guess what? They cheerily commended themselves with the news that they had made "progress" on those indicators.

In a way, it is easy to see why the provinces are dragging their feet. When Ottawa cut its cash transfers in the mid-1990s, those governments had to scramble to save their own terms. Now, some still resent Ottawa's intrusion into an area under their jurisdiction. They worry about the imposition of outside-number standards—and about the possibility that cross-Canada comparisons will cast them in a bad light. They should get over it. Fast.

It is the greatest that counts—not provincial seniorities. Martin's spokesman Brian Guss says the federal PM firmly endorses a streamlined council in which provinces collect their own data on a common basis. If a province does not participate, the council will be created—any way. "No one really knows how long it takes to get, say, a hip operation in a province," he adds. "The council would have a meaningful role. No province will be able to hold up its creation. Their citizens will hold them to account." It is time for the provinces to keep their word—and get moving. ■

Mary Mangan's columns appear every other issue. marymangan@canwest.com

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SCORING MACHINE

Rocket Richard once enjoyed the game's highest annual salary—\$20,000

Maurice Richard was one of the greatest hockey players ever. As a goal scorer, he set records that stand for decades. A fierce competitor, Richard was also Quebec's hero, and in 2000 his death at 78 from stomach cancer deeply moved the province and the nation. His early career was recorded by *Maclean's* writer David Payne in "Friday's Greatest Scoring Machine," excerpted below, which appeared in the Nov. 3, 1951 issue of *Maclean's*. Payne's article is one of 47 sports-related articles from the *Maclean's* archives collected in *The Thrill of Victory*, just released by Penguin Canada.

ANY MOMENT now Maurice Richard will score the 306th goal in his National Hockey League career and sometime early next spring he will break Nels Stewart's all-time

record of 324 goals and thus become the greatest goal scorer in professional hockey history. There is a reasonable likelihood that Richard, who plays for the Montreal Canadiens, will score one or both of these goals while he is lying flat on his back, with at least one non-Canadian hockey player clutching his stick, another hailing at his

aiders with a pair of skates and a third phoning thoughtfully at his sweater.

No hockey player living has been so much put upon as Richard by the recent revolution in hockey's cultural standards—a liberal-congressman that encourages the referees to ignore all but the most flagrant violations of the rules and, at the same time, encourages poor or indifferent players to cut good or great players down to size by slandering them bodily into the side of the rinks, using their ribs with three-padded elbows, mashing the crooked blades of hockey sticks between their legs or under their armpits and generally impeding what used to be considered their lawful progress.

In consequence, modern hockey has produced many teams that stand out above

their rivals but few individual players who stand out above the other individuals. For almost a decade Richard has towered over them all, both as a goal scorer and as a piece of property. His annual earnings from the game are in excess of \$20,000, approximately 20 per cent more than any other professional hockey player has turned either before his time or during it. For the right to his services the Canadian management was once offered—and refused—a lump payment of \$135,000, the highest value ever placed on a single player.

Considering the completeness of his triumph over adverse working conditions, Richard's anti-adversarial work is remarkably restrained. If he rebels in his position as the most esteemed and highly rewarded Canadian athlete of his generation he gives no sign of it. On the ice his dourly Galtish features seldom depart from their indomitable cast except on the occasion of another Richard goal, when they sometimes dissolve into an expression halfway between a plover and a grin. Off the ice he is monosyllabic and uncommunicative even among the players he considers his closest friends.

But behind this impressive facade he deep wells of sentiment, of sensitivity and of temperance. On an exhibition tour to the West Coast he once cried openly when told he would have to accompany the team to California before returning to his family in Montreal. A much better published display of feeling occurred last winter when he brooked all one night over a referee's adverse decision and tried to punch the official in the nose when they met next day on a hotel lobby. And although he is commonly believed to be indifferent to the hostility or sympathy of spectators, his employees contribute his almost chronic inability to play his best hockey to Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens to hypochondria and persistent kicking of a rather small and elderly lady fan.

But neither psychosomatic nor hockey agents have ever been able to explain precisely why Richard—when action frequently looks unimpeded and almost unbroken—keeps on scoring so many goals. Tommy Ryan, the coach of the Detroit Red Wings, says that because of this unorthodox there is no way to play Richard legally that will render him harmless. "The Rangers' Frank Boucher says he has never seen a player so clear minded to put the puck in the net. 'You can see it in his eyes,'" broods Boucher.

Richard is a slender-looking 175-pounder, slightly less than six feet tall. He has sleek black hair, black eyes and a small thin-lipped mouth which gives him a rarely expressive Elmer Fudd, his roommates on road trips, says it is not unusual for Richard to sleep more than 12 hours a day and perhaps it is the energy drawn from sleep, plus the strength of his big hands and wrists, that enables him to play hockey with such nerve and tirelessness.



He cried when told he would have to play in California before going home to his family.

In the seasons he plays better than average golf—in the middle 80s—and every fall he moves to the scenic courts because he feels the game sharpen his eyes and tones his leg muscles. He likes fishing and working around his home in Cartersville, a Montreal suburb. He owns a so-called triplex in which the Richards occupy the basement and rent out the two upstairs floors. He paints the house, looks after the carpentry as an owner-partner sort of way. And at the table he consumes anything his guest brings with Lucille puts in front of him, calls her a good cook and especially appreciates her spaghetti and methuen-well certain steak.

WITH THE Forum crowds shrieking wildly, Richard on the ice becomes a whirling, dashing man possessed

The ice scanner doesn't read much and when he does it's mostly defensive strategy suggestions. He doesn't give the sports pages his time because, he says, he's not interested in what the hockey writers have to say.

Richard is at home at home. When he gets wowed up on Montreal ice, with the Forum crowds shrieking wildly each time he gets the puck, he becomes a whirling, dashing, unimpeded. One night he arrived at the dressing room an hour before game time and informed coach Dick Irvin he was pooped.

"Pooped?" enquired silver-haired Irvin, "how do you mean pooped?"

"Moved today," replied Richard, whose English is tinged with Jean Baptiste. "Carried furniture up and downstairs all afternoon. Feel pooped."

This came about three days after Christmas in 1944 and Richard had bought a new home for his family. The Canadiens were playing Detroit that night, always a rugged opponent at the Forum and the pooped Richard

scored lethargically onto the ice. The first time he got the puck the crowd started on about his name and since he'd been up in the clear by Elmer Lach, his captain, he didn't have too much difficulty scoring. That set him off. Before the night was over, the fabled Rocket was blazing, he scored five goals, got three assists as the Canadiens won 9-4. That's another Richard entry in the record book.

Tank Brooks, Toronto's goalie for 15 seasons, says Richard's shot is the most difficult to stop, not because of its velocity but because of its uncanny accuracy from any angle. "He'll be standing in front of the net, maybe 20 feet out, waiting for a pass out," says Brooks. "He'll throw his back to the goal and he'll be unmarked by our players. But if the puck comes out he'll somehow can shift and swipe at it, backhand or the other way, and drive it dead for a corner. I think half the time he doesn't know when it's going himself, yet invariably it will just slam the post and deflect into the net."

Art Brown of the Toronto Telegram once observed: "If I had to pay to get in, it'd be worth the price of admission twice here."



Scoring an historic Gord Henry in 1948 (above), the book contains 47 articles that have appeared in *Maclean's*

DIARIES OF DOOM

JOHN TEAHAN was my uncle. To me, born 15 years after his death, he was the apex portrait of a grave, handsome soldier, three medals under glass and a formal letter of commendation from the King, hanging in a row in my grandmother's front hall. I never heard her speak of him. No one ever spoke of him.

John Patrick Teahan was born in Southampton, Ont., in 1887, son of Dennis Teahan, who owned the Commercial Hotel. In 2006, at the insistence of his mother (who said, "I do not want my boys growing up in a hotel"), the family moved to Windsor, Ont., where his father opened a hardware store, which John was managing at the outbreak of the war.

A talented musician, he was in great demand as a singer at weddings and concerts throughout southwestern Ontario and he was an amateur boxer, with none thing of a name in sporting circles. His diaries are larded with sports slang and metaphor. A tennis star in the First House (Stewart) prior to the war, he was one of the first men in the Windsor area to answer the call to colours on Aug. 16, 1914. He was not married, nor did he leave a sweetheart behind.

His diaries, smuggled to his family during the war to avoid censorship, begin with his arrival in Plymouth as a corporal with the Royal Canadian Dragoons in November 1914, just days before his 27th birthday. First a military policeman, John was later selected for officer's training, after which he was assigned to the British Sherwood Forester regiment. John was wounded in March 1916, spent some time in military hospitals in France and England and travelled home to Canada to spend a one-month convalescent leave before resuming light duties in England. By September, he was back in the trenches.

His descriptions are vivid: from sightseeing in London to training on Salisbury Plain, the tedium of the trenches, horrors of the front, mayhem and death. He records drunkenness, incompetence, stupidity and death with surprising detachment as



JOHN PATRICK TEAHAN

A soldier's uncensored journals convey the tedium and horror of the trenches

he evolves from a keen recruit to a critical, cynical candidate for inglorious death in the mud, a fate he foresees with resignation.

The last entry we have was made just a week before his death on Oct. 9, 1916, near Thiepval, France. Characteristically down army gothic and a passenger hit from the M.M.S. Montgarni, which carried him home for recuperation, are all he left behind—except for these remarkable diaries, which are more than an account of this war. They are the portrait of a man who could and did believe that the supreme sacrifice was worth making.

Grace Kerman Price

Nov. 15, 1914 Pond Farm, Salisbury Plain. Canadians are the only troops under canvas in England; our tents often leak. Without wooden floors the men would soon have swamped us. For the first month it rained every day.

We were addressed one Sunday by an architect, a dining-plated old man who talked about the "Pewee of pewee" and other weird dope. It is astonishing that on our only day of rest they make us listen to a sermon.

Dec. 16, 1914 Many soldiers go on pass, meet their affinity the first day, marry her the second and return to duty the next day. One of the squad's laughs is to be married tomorrow to a girl he saw for half an hour when he deserted. They had a roasting service in the guardhouse where he was doing cells. I saw her myself, as I was present that day, and she is very good-looking.

Dec. 20, 1914 London. Yesterday, scouting around Westminster Abbey, by accident I got into one of the main chapels while Lord Marley something or other was in the act of getting married. The service was certainly a swell turnout. Eight bridesmaids, military uniforms, silk hats, furs and fowers. When the bride and groom marched down the aisle to where the public waited, I begged



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The diaries reveal a man who believed in the supreme sacrifice. They trace Testar's passage from being recruited to cynical veteran—ending days before he is killed in battle.

along trying to look like a poor cousin. Street hawkers outside sold souvenirs, so it must have been quite an occasion.

Jan. 28, 1915 How many months can a man go without one change of underwear and socks, and still feel clean? This subject caused much discussion last night on account of the small lot we will be allowed to wear. Eriksson is going to wear two pairs of underwear and socks. Chaston will rob the dead and loot houses for clothing. On one point all are unanimous: "Keatings Insect Powder must accompany any the troops!"

May 1, 1915 Dr. Todd, regimental physician, gave the entire regiment a very cursory examination this morning. He looked at each man who stood naked beside his bed, and then passed us all.

May 14, 1915 France. It rained hard last night and there was heavy fog. I had no groundsheet or blanket in my bivouac, but I managed to pick a few broad sticks and a dirty, wet, stinking horse blanket which, with any overcoat, made a very good covering and I slept well.

May 16, 1915 Continues. We are billeted in a farmhouse. In the yard is an immense manure pile while five yards from the door is a drinking fountain and a brick outhouse, a singular compound, for the cattle. Our men refused to let the horses, even if they would, drink the stinky, green, oily liquid (like thick soup infused by black beetles).

There is an artillery duel in progress. We witnessed prisoners go by this morning, about 300 in all from Russian regiments, straggling fellows, all 16 or 17 years old. One poor fellow had his face dented where some

one had lashed him one with the butt end of a Lee-Enfield.

We have been issued with respirators to guard against the gas. They are squares of absorbent cotton filled with certain chemicals, about six inches square—sufficient to cover nose, mouth and eyes.

May 28, 1915 Mammot has become the most unpopular man on the staff in the rum had been issued to him in gallon jugs to be divided among 35 men. In the dark, he tripped and prostrated himself in the mud, breaking the Sacred Vessel and discharging himself with the contents. Our lamentations were heart-rending, and a couple ran over to see if any pieces of the jar might not possibly contain a few drops of the joyful fluid. Alas, the wreckage had been complete.

May 29, 1915 Long Corner. Since Ypres, we have come into our own, and are no longer looked upon as a wild mob of savages from the colonies. The film was very heavy about 2 a.m. when the German assault was repulsed with great loss to the Germans.

The barn was crisscrossed with vermin and, as we are still floundering about such things, Cleary, Blunt and I slept under a tree. About midnight, Sgt. Foster and Burley joined us. They had been driven from their digout by the rats. Foster was delicious as he shook like a leaf and his teeth chattered.

We are very short of hay and I often exceptionally take the horses out to graze the corner of some field. The farmer here charges us a penny per pound for oats. When this present little fracas is over, we really should come back and stake out a couple of acres of some of these tightwads!

7:00 p.m. Our "A" Squadron returned from their tour in the trenches without a single casualty. Yesterday was quiet, just angling which the boys found interesting. They are looking forward to their next run.

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Far from the front in London, military recreationists would exhort, 'Join now, boys, and spend a delightful winter in the trenches!'

May 26, 1915 Cannons and a heavy and continuous and the shells sound like an express train or scream like huge sheets of heavy wrapping paper being torn apart. The machine-gun fire is irregular as it also the rifle fire.

2 p.m. Yesterday, I saw one poor fellow alone from the dressing station. He was unharmed, but he was almost sobbing, loudly crying like a child and then laughing feebly. Some say eventually recover, but death would likely have been more merciful.

7:30 p.m. The 5th Western Cavalry Battalion just pulled in. There are only about 300 left, as rough and tough a bunch as you ever saw outside a jail. Some carry nothing but a rifle and bandolier. No one has an overcoat. Of all the underdressed crews I ever saw, this is the most. But if you think by their appearance that they cannot fight, just ask the Prussian Guard. These men are fighters!

May 27, 1915 Leag Cornet. Glad to get out of the danger zone, although even here we are liable to long-range fire. At 9 a.m., shells tore up the dirt in front of our field. The line was dropped on the road near us and then the bombardment ceased. Just after this display, I walked up toward the firing line. It was a fine sunny morning, birds sang in the trees—just a peaceful country scene, until a heavy machine-gun wagon rumbled up bearing groaning and crippled soldiers.

Soon, I came on the advance dressing station. A water cart was drawn up on one side. Men with stretchers stood near the door. Just then stretcher-bearers started to scavenge and I was straight ahead, not daring to look back as the hunting of shells became very rapid, each falling shorter than the one before.

'ONE poor fellow was sobbing. Some may eventually recover, but death would likely have been more merciful.'

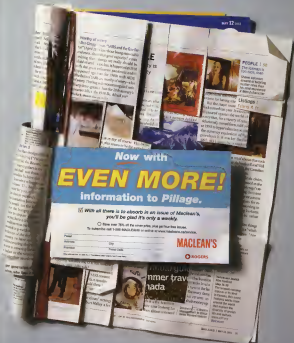
June 14, 1915 The last lot left all their officers but one. Col. Beecher of London was standing beside the trench drawers when some idiot, idly swinging his detonating bomb from side to side, struck the back of the trench and the blast tore off the Colonel's legs. He begged the men to shoot him, but his mind soon went and he died calling for his mother.

June 18, 1915 At Vauxhall Bridge last night, I saw many wounded walking back. They had lost two-thirds of their number and their women drank their fallen comrades' share of the rum issue.

June 27, 1915 Now, a few words about the baggage which Gen. Seely [of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade] and his staff carry with them. One faucet carries table supplies, cooking utensils, dinner service, wines, champagnes, cigars, fruit and all sorts of delicacies. On the wagon are their kits, mattresses and bed clothing, many coats, changes of clothing, antiseptics, ointments and various jacks, folding bathtubs and boxes of junk which may come in handy. Five officers have 12 body servants and grooms.

July 1, 1915 If I were in Windsor today, we would be taking the good ship Pappoose from Ben More and arranging for dinner at Arnhem House. After that, 'crazy apple walk' for an afternoon's tango and hesitation [a dance step] in the pavilion. Return to Windsor to gorge on pie and a dish of coos. Instead, I am in a stable in a strange country, and we will be lucky to get back for Dominion Day next year, as we are dedicated on the front with neither side able to advance a yard.

In the esplanade [barrio] in Mermes, some boys entered singing and looking very pleased.



with themselves. They were on scraps and will serve for a penny a day. They were off to camp before being learned to those uncovered graves—the trenches. This is not war at all, but a series of long-distance marches.

July 13, 1915 When the trenches are quiet, time passes so slowly as a full sentence. Cooped in a hole two or three feet wide, the men pass the time writing letters and how are the rules, reading books are scarce and drink water (as more than a couple of hands). It would be a relief to be attacked or even shelled.

July 22, 1915 Canadians who were reviewed by [Prime Minister Robert] Borden received him very cordially and marched back to their billets. As one man put it, "They were tired of hearing the same old bell."

New 16, 1915 St-Omer. The [officers] training course is rather peculiar. One point of the course (importance is personal appearance). May. With the case of fingerprints made an officer and a gentleman. Now, finger inspection is a regular parade and the students have to show their knuckles to the officer to inspect.

Dec. 5, 1915 I became a 2nd Lieutenant with the Sherwood Foresters at midnight, so today I wear an English officer's uniform.

Dec. 14, 1915 London. As soon as I join the new regiment, my pay (about 10 shillings per day) will be put to my credit. The British Army wants its officers to live like officers, and not eat their meals at Bedford's Terry's, or board at Sloppy Bells! All transportation must be first class on railways, but second class to ride in the tube or on buses in towns.

Jan. 14, 1916 France. I was greatly amused by a company in their trench. As soon as they were safe from a shell, their heads appeared over the parapet, and they would wait patiently for cooling waters. When a passing plane or a machine gun was heard, they would cry "Here she comes!" (like fans at a racetrack), and then all heads would duck until the burst was heard when they would immediately bob up again. It is marvellous the number of shells which the enemy wastes to get one of our men, yet they do get some sometimes.

Jan. 22, 1916 All along the line the dead British soldiers covered with a thin layer of mud. I ran across some seven or eight bodies lying down. Their clothing was almost rotting away as were also the bodies. Many had no heads.



He was an ardent lover with a taste in sporting clothes.

St Patrick's Day, 1916. Duchess of Westminster Hospital, France. You see, it was like this. Going to the trenches, I took the Gunner's Walk, of which I have always been suspicious as being a bullet-sweep area when we are going in or coming out, and I also have felt that the enemy have discovered our days of relief. About halfway up the trench, which was only waist deep, one of the bullets whizzing overhead stopped on catching sight of me and I felt a stinging blow on the cheek such as a boxer might deliver. My face was covered with blood, and you no particular part of me seemed more stunned than another. However, as soon as I had got my bearings and alleged all the excitement among the men behind me, I ordered them to go on, with the exception of one man whom I

left lying in the trench with instructions to warn all other relieving parties that they were in a danger zone.

Aug. 5, 1916 London. Recalling goes merry on. In Trafalgar Square immense crowds gather in the Nelson column while sergeants and officers harangue them from the steps and soldiers pass through the crowd singing men to come up to the Colours, like a Salvation Army revival where people are pleaded with to come up and be saved. Every once in a while, some civilians who can no longer stand the pressure measure the steps and across the King's shifting while the band plays and choruses rally. "Join now, boys, and spend a delightful winter in the trenches!"

Sept. 22, 1916 Calais. About noon, we were given instructions in the new gas helmets, run about the grounds, then locked in a chamber with the thickest possible gas, followed by lacrymator gas, then another run with gas helmets on.

POSTSCRIPT

"Robin was reported missing in action on Oct. 9, 1916. The Sherwood Foresters' War Diary describes that day's battle.

There was no artillery preparation. In accordance with orders, the Battalion made an attack on the Scherpenberg Redoubt. The assault was carried out at 4:30 a.m. under cover of darkness. The assaulting waves had not gone more than half the distance across No. 1's land before enemy machine guns and rifle fire was opened. Our casualties were heavy, numbering 13 officers. Other ranks: 26 killed, 134 wounded and 64 missing.

Some of this material has been previously published in *Robin's War* (Gloucester Press, 1999). The original diary exists in the Canadian War Museum, Ottawa.

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St. Petersburg/Clearwater has the best beach in the continental United States, according to Florida International University's Dr. Stephen Leatherman, also known as Dr. Beach. His 2003 survey ranked Fort De Soto Park as the #2 beach in the nation behind only one beach in Hawaii. www.drbeach.org

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Once-in-a-lifetime exhibits are being showcased, making this a perfect time to visit.

• **180 Years of Dali:** The Salvador Dali Museum celebrates Dali's Centennial: The American Collection. Running Jan. 9 through Aug. 31, 2004, this grand exhibition showcases the depth and breadth of the museum's collection chronologically. It includes many rare and seldom exhibited Dali sculptures, as well as first-time exhibited objects such as Dali's birth certificate and handwritten manuscripts. Call 727-823-9767 or visit www.salvordalimuseum.org.

• **Russian Odyssey:** St. Petersburg's Florida International Museum hosts the first-time

U.S. visit of Russian Odyssey: *Relics of the State Russian Museum* Nov. 1 through April 4, 2004. More than 250 political, religious and artistic items spanning 800 years of Russian history will be featured.

• **The Art of Hallel:** Graphic representations of anti-Semitism are traced from the earliest art to present day in *The Art of Hallel: Images of Intolerance in Florida Culture* at the Florida Holocaust Museum. The exhibit runs Jan. 20 through April 18, 2004.

• **Beach as America:** For the first time ever, hundreds of artifacts from the National

Baseball Hall of Fame will be shown outside the Cooperstown, N.Y. museum. St. Petersburg's Florida International Museum will host *Beach as America* Dec. 13 through March 6, 2004. Call 727-822-3633 or visit www.floridasmuseum.org.

• **Glass Masterworks:** The St. Petersburg Museum of Fine Arts and the Orlando Museum of Art are teaming up for the largest-ever exhibition of glass sculpture by world-renowned artist Dale Chihuly. *Chihuly Across Florida: Masterworks in Glass* runs Jan. 18 through May 30, 2004. Call 727-836-2667 or visit www.fine-arts.org.

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Volunteer

'I'd rather die than be a slave'

When Francis Bok was seven years old and living in southern Sudan, he was kidnapped by militia men and forced into slavery. At 17, he led his captors in northern Sudan, first to the capital, Khartoum, then north to Cairo and on to the United States. Bok, now 29, was in Toronto last week promoting his new book, *Escape from Slavery* (St. Martin's Press).

When I was 14, I asked Giemna Abdullah, my master, why he call me abard, which means black slave in Arabic. After seven years living with Giemna, I knew nobody, I hadn't gone to school once nor had I played with another child. He said I was an animal. That's when I decided I was going to run away.

My first two escapes when I was 14 ended in failure. Germans beat me up and threatened to kill me if I tried again. I didn't care. I knew I would rather die than be a slave. I stayed there more years, all the time plotting my

escape. When I was 17, I was very lucky to find my way to a refugee camp in Khartoum.

When I first arrived in the U.S., I didn't think I would be able to talk about what was happening in Sudan. I was trying to start a new life and forget what happened to me. Then an anti-slavery organization in Boston heard about me through the Sudanese community. They asked me to give speeches on my experiences. I spoke to a senate committee, I spoke alongside Coretta Scott King (Martin Luther King's widow) and I met President George Bush.

My father used to call me *muy chanko*, which in my language means 12 men. I used to tell my father I wanted to be just like him because, in our village, he was considered to be a rich man. Like him, I wanted to help make other people's lives better. That's where the courage came from to escape. Even when I learned my parents had been killed by the

same men who took me, i know
i could not give up i know one day i could
equal the strength of 11 men

A lot of people in the West think slavery ended a long time ago. They don't realize that 27 million people around the world still live as slaves. The U.S. signed the Sudan Peace Act that recognizes there is slavery in Sudan and that genocide has killed nearly two million people there. So there is hope that something might change... but we're still only at the beginning.

If I ever had the chance to meet Gennep again, I would tell him: Look at what your journal is doing. I would tell him that what he did is not white wrong. I don't care about his skin colour. I don't care that he is Arab and I am an African. We are both human beings and he needs to know that. I wanted my book to be called *I Am Not an Animal*, so that Gennep would know that I am not a beast.

[illegible]

MANUSCRIPTS | NOVEMBER 10, 2011 51



INAPPROPRIATE PASSIONS

Love and desire come as a surprise in a Brit comedy and a Yank tragedy

THERE'S SOMETHING delightful, and oddly appropriate, about the notion of Hugh Grant as the British prime minister—even if he books the ice at his first cabinet meeting by asking, “Who do you have to screw around here to get a cup of tea and a chocolate bun?” Then in walks his assistant (Martine McCutcheon) with tea and buns. She’s a spunky brunette who’s been ditched by her boyfriend because she loved she was getting fat. And a premiere is born, as we re-engage Monica Lewinsky as an English good girl and her boss as a bachelor and a perfect gentleman. That’s just one of eight romances contained

in *Love Actually*, a yuletide banger of box-office cheer from writer Richard Curtis, part of the first hit machine that gave us *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *Notting Hill* and *British Isomyth*. This marks his directing debut, and an auspicious one it is.

Released for American Thanksgiving—which begins Hollywood’s Christmas onslaught—*Love Actually* is a romantic comedy on a Santa-sized mission. As chapter 11 this heart-darting two weeks to Dec. 25, Curtis leads us on merry-go-rounds, each tale of unrequited passion. A writer (Colin Firth) falls for a Portuguese housekeeper in the South of France, an office man tempts a comformably married mom (Alan Rickman) to betray his wife (Emma Thompson), a widower (Liam Neeson) coaches his 11-year-old stepson through his first crush, a grocer’s best man goes after the bride (Keira Knightley), an office worker (Laura Linney) is secretly in love with a colleague, a generously cynical ex-junkie rock star (Bill Nighy) re-records an old hit to a Christmas tune while flooding a soft spot for his manager, and a young man dying to get laid (Jim Marshall) flies to Wisconsin, convinced that American women can’t resist a British accent.

As the romances go, *Love Actually* is like the Twelve Days of Christmas, we wonder how Curtis can possibly deliver his slough of subtleties on time. A couple of them do flake. And I found myself thinking at the goodwill of a script larded with fat jokes. But resistance was futile. This pretty pudding of a romantic comedy is rich with delicious moments. Jackman in his now career, from Billy Boylston to a hilarious U.S. president to Keanu Reeves as a heartless con clerk, Thompson and Rickman, both impeccable,

are off in their own little movie, a heart-breaking tale of infidelity. As the faded rock-cabaret singer Christmas, Nighy suits the film’s cagy balance between cynicism and sentiment. And in a performance made up of clashing entrances and exits, Grant restores honor to high-office romance.

The Lewinsky scene takes a different form in *The Human Stain*, a drama of doomed romance adapted from the 2000 novel by Philip Roth. The story takes place in 1998, during the Clinton sex scandal. As narrator Nathan Zerkow (Gary Sinise) explains, it “was the summer of scandal”—after the fall of Communism and before 9/11, there was a heat/cold war when the nation was preoccupied with cockroaching. Coleman Silk (Anthony Hopkins) is an em-

inent professor who’s forced to resign after his innocent use of the word “spooks” is twisted into a racial slur. In retirement, Silk becomes embroiled in a Vagina-related affair with Fanny (Nicole Kidman), a blue-collar vamp with a single post and a dangerous ex-husband (Ed Harris).

It’s no surprise that this affair will end badly—the lovers’ fatal demise is shown in the opening credits. And in the first grip of desire (Robert Banton [Kramer vs. Kramer, Moon in the Heart]), this tale’s morality could not be clearer. Silk and Fanny are star-crossed lovers in severe denial, two-drops from the American Dream. Silk passes himself off as a Jew, but flashbacks to his years as a college student (played by Winona Ryder), reveal another ethnicity altogether. It’s hard to say Hopkins and Kidman in these roles. They both set up a storm, but you feel you’re watching hollow performances, not convincing characters. And even if you’re comfortable with the idea of sex between a septuagenarian and a woman in her 30s, it’s kind of creepy watching Nicole and Sir Tony go it on.



As a dashing PM who falls for his assistant (McCutcheon), Grant is all romance and eats

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the evening is solely in any lap." By outlining Godden, the Whiting company was helping lightning walk on the water. The choreographer's previous fall legging ballet, *Dear Sister*, was a good sale at spending, as Boston School's vintage narrative, became a surprise hit. (It was subsequently adapted into a film by blending-stage Whiting director Guy Maddin, which earned the actor the label "Canada's poet laureate of cinematic weirdness"—or so wrote critic Roger Ebert.)

Godden's edgier instances are equally evident in *The Magic Flute*. In 1791, Mozart could not have thought to use a gas mask on-stage prop, much less to lead his work with phobic humor. And throughout the show, Godden's interpretation of the core power's notoriously complex opens infuses flashes of modernity into what is, essentially, a fairy tale equipped with all of Aeschylus' tropes. In Godden's version, temptresses are called "glamsters" and dress-as-show girls, and selection sets play videos of cradling film, the hero, Tamino, is identified by a Po-

becomes clear that the mission is secondary to the story's real action: the power play between the Queen and Sarastro. "It's my personal take on mother-daughter relationships," says Godden. "I thought of Sarastro and the Queen as angry parents. Pamina's dilemma is in figuring out who she is in relation to her mother's concept of revenge and her father's ideals of truth, wisdom and brotherly love."

The production cost around \$250,000 to



Godden's *Magic Flute* includes a gas mask, "glamsters," television and plenty of sex, some of it overt

amount, a skeletal budget according to the choreographer. "It's a strain, because although the company was a new full-length, they're used to established works. If you say *Giulio*, *Cinderella* or *Macbeth*, the company knows what the garments are. But if I do a full-length, I want to change the parameters and push boundaries because I'm tired of the old look of the company. That's how you end up in a huge fight. You have to be irascible."

Godden began developing the show last year and spent seven weeks working with dancers at the end of last summer. The production came together quickly—and with the usual backstage drama, including and physical injuries. "At the end of my second week here, I tore my calf," Godden says. "Somebody hit me in rehearsal while I was

trying to demonstrate a move. I was on crutches. I thought maybe one of the dancers was trying to take me out." He laughs. "It was like, 'Well, you missed. Don't you know anything?' You're supposed to stab me in the back, not the calf!"

Unlucky though it sounds, Godden started late into his career. Born and raised in Texas, he first learned toward music, playing drums in rock bands while in high school. After graduation, he attended two years of

"I TORE my calf," says Godden. "Somebody hit me in rehearsal while I was trying to demonstrate a move. I was on crutches."



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MAY I PLEASE PAY TAXES?

Sure, governments squander some of our money. It's their job.

I WOULDN'T have broached this firestorm subject, if it weren't for the fact that I have a lot of people waste a lot of breath bemoaning the paying of taxes. I'd be lying to you if I said I love taxes, but I've developed a lot of impressive Buddhist-like inner calm in a corner to know so that I don't lose any sleep over them. I live up valuable mental capacity to consider other questions such as: Will the people be good for surfing tomorrow? Should I get new tires for my car? Or, why do waves pay golf?

You probably don't have to pay any taxes if you don't make any money. If you are poor

and lucky enough to live in a country like Sweden, everyone else takes care of you and may even send you to a resort in a sunny country in the winter so you don't get depressed. The people of Sweden, of course, are very highly taxed, but it is still a nation of beautiful scenery and beautiful men and women and they seem to get on with their Swedish lives just fine on most days, despite heavy taxation.

If you live in the United States, you think
some are black/are mixed, but some are not. Now

worry about your rights and freedoms all the time and think the government is wasting your money. It was certainly in, but no one can agree on which part is wrong and which part isn't. Those advanced laser-guiding missiles designed for military operations may seem like a waste to you, but the money will spend compared to investments in new chemical weapons that could eradicate life on earth if the wind was blowing in the wrong direction.

Some people worry that their hard-earned tax dollars are going to falls on welfare who don't deserve it. After a couple of beers, they get all worked up on this issue as if they are being cheated and ripped. I expect that some people who are lazy and should be working are on welfare, but that is not high on my list of things to worry about. Most folks on government support probably need the help, and they can be honest with my money.

There are a lot worse things than paying taxes. Remember the man without shoes who feels sorry for himself until he meets someone without feet.

Do you pay some money and it goes to schools or roads or, if you're lucky enough to live in the right country, hospitals and health care. Some of it goes to old people—including the ones who didn't get to be parents or prize winners. Some of it gets squandered on political lunches. But now that I've wandered this far into this innelife, maybe what I'm saying is that I'm actually in favour of being over-taxed and seeing some of my dollars squandered. Yes, that's it. I want to see you, me, and my money

the whole nine yards and run for office. I was actually asked once by one of the big political parties to run for federal office. The phone call came one night while I was watching *Star Trek* so I said I would get back to the political party the next day. I turned them down. Some of us even accused government itself to discover that the system is so big and cumbersome that nobody really has a hand on the whole corruption. It just sort of runs by itself, on its own inertia. Inefficiency is part of what keeps it going. As soon as you try to make it more efficient, you make some wise-ass decision that looks good on paper but ends up dumping an old greaser out of a hospital bed or forcing some kid to live on the street.

Perhaps you think I'm being facetious. I'm not. I'm totally convinced now that I like paying taxes and, like you, I don't want to pay too much. If you are middle class and live in Canada, you know that all the money you make until June 27 goes to the taxman. June 28 is the first day of the year you make a dollar you can call your own. When it comes to taxes in Canada, we are reasonable.

But money isn't flowing through this bag of deals. It comes and goes and hoarding it is a dull hobby. If you go to keep all the money to yourself, you'll become a mean little person. And if you waste too much energy grunting over it, you can get angry or warlike on your brow. If you are really pissed off at the government, you can ditch them out of a good portion of their due by going away big bags of your income to good charities. Or you can buy an abandoned old rig in fractional tenures, move there and declare it an independent country. You'll probably do OK until the first hurricane of the season comes your way.

Lesley Clibbey, the author of IT books, lives on the coast in Nova Scotia. les@clibbey.com

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He may be puffed
for stardom, but
Kirby loves to tell
self-mockin' stories

Television | Luke aloft—with a hit film and a hot series, this actor is soaring

Luke Kirby has his nose in his soup at a Toronto café. "It smells like dirty kitchen waste," he groans. And Kirby would know, while in high school, he worked as a dish washer at a fancy restaurant in Guelph, Ont. And he never had time to eat before work. "Maybe I shouldn't admit this," says the 25-year-old actor, "but I used to eat the drugs, because the food was so good and they'd come back with, like, a coffee and he'd only ate like gone." Then he misses scooping dessert out of a bowl and stringing up his pants. Oh, how he'd like to come

Norby is one of Canada's hottest up-and-comers. He's one of the hit-makers *Mambo Italiano* and is part of the ensemble cast of *Slings and Arrows*, a wickedly smart and funny miniseries about a Shakespearean theatre festival that also features Paul Gross, Mark McKinney, Scat Cullen and Don McKellar (it premieres on The Movie Network and Movies Central on Nov. 3). And he's

thing." That included wearing a wife-beater tank top, silver chain and leather jacket, scrambling over dialogue and seeming a bit vacant. Crew even sneaks off and watches his own movie in the small town's cinema.

When Kirby shows up for our interview at a Toronto park on his late, he gives us an intentionally hilarious Jack Creeble first impression. He says he wasn't up late the night before carousing—he was watching tapes of *Sledge* and *Arrows*—then realizes that doesn't sound much better. "I don't want," he laughs. "I just watch myself."

The Hamilton-born, Guelph-raised son of a teacher, **Paul**, and horse-care case manager, **Ruth**, could very well turn out to be a huge star in the U.S.—he's tall, dark and handsome like **Keanu**, and has already had meetings at Hollywood's big studios. But right now he's every bit the homegrown actor. He regularly takes the bus from Toronto

her's creative gut is heard, so his parents' house in Guelph. His wardrobe is a combination of thrift store and splashy-labels screaming out with a clatter Guelph Polo Utility cap. He sometimes does theater gigs at an upcoming workshop. Kirby plans to tackle the role of Oedipus, the god of theatre, in an adaptation of *Earthshaker*. And he's recently completed the ultimate rite of passage for a young male actor in this country: he's worked openly.

Sarah Polley is an independent Canadian film, book, to be released next March

Then there's that distinctly Canadian move he came to as a Montreal immigrant fairly coming to terms with their not-homosexuality, which is based on the 1961 hit play *Mambo Italiano*. Designed to crank up Italian or the guy who made the role *Carlo* on stage, Kirby—as his onscreen name—was tapped to play *Alfredo Barbarena* in the film. But with his comports weight and his hair grown out into a curly spool and not into the slicked-back look of both comedy and drama, he made it work. Surprisingly, he didn't see the play, which was running in Montreal the whole time he was filming the movie there. "I don't even know the story's theme, which is kind of awful in a way," he says sheepishly. "But I suddenly want to be an original—like that's possible even." With a sticky-fingered director who turned him out for late 1970s turned distinctly turned Canadian beer office work is something pretty much

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trivially, a hint to the writer could inspire us to think of a more efficient way to use time. It's called the Fair Share Plan for Business. You get a large pool of minutes to you and your employees can dip into them whenever you need to. That way you end up with less unused airtime and fewer extra charges. Rogers' ADFS, leading the way with innovative solutions. On Canada's largest integrated wireless voice and data network.

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John Intini starts a sentence ... Alice Cooper finishes it

Normally it's alarming to see a 55-year-old man wearing mascara. The opposite is true of Alice Cooper. But the shock rocker wasn't even wearing a smidgen of eyeliner when he met the press in Toronto last week to plug his latest CD, *The Eyes of Alice Cooper*. (He called it on for our photographer the next day.) While scruffy-clean, the 7'10-inch golf enthusiast (he has a 4 handicap) was in fine form flashing Michael Biehn's *Reaper*. John Intini's sentences

I'M AFRAID OF ... need to I can put my head in a guillotine or wrap a 15-foot bass constrainer around my neck, but a blood test takes me a week to psyche up for.

DOUBLE BOYFRIENDS ... never happens to me. If they do it's obviously the club's fault so I don't concern them.

RETIREMENT ... is something I thought about when I was an alcoholic. Drinking alone is a waste. The worst thing for an alcoholic is five more, so after treatment I

played 36 holes of golf a day for a year to fill my time. I've been sober for 22 years.

AMER IN MASCARA ... better know how to handle it!

REAL ROCK ... is going back to the garage where it belongs, thanks to bands like the Struts. These guys don't care if a fan's out of place. There's too much emphasis these days on perfect-looking people.

PEOPLE WHO SAY I INSPIRED FREDDY MURDER ... are probably right. I was the bageyman in the '70s. In fact, I've been the noisier bageyman in rock for 30 years. I'm like the Vincent Price of rock 'n' roll.

FOR MORE "FINISH THE SENTENCES" VISIT
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Books | Love, politics and disaster among the ruins

As elegant as the famous glass objects that form his water city, Andrea di Sotgiu's *A Venezia After* (Harcourt) is a shimmering evocation of Venice's fading glory. It's the true story of a forbidden love affair between the Italian painter's 18th-century ancestor, Venetian slaveowner Andrea Memmo, and a half-English girl, Elizabeth Wynn. The facts of a husband's life came down a cache of documents but fiction flourished on the crumbling family gallery on the Grand Canal—about 100 love letters, many written in code. They tell of the legacies of "lovers' bylaws, including reluctant servants and bedfellow friends, and even how Dario Memmo left for amnesty for her to end away to a convent; but the final scenes from the author's residence at the ancient residence in the decades before Napoleon ended its 1,000-year history as an arena of political intrigue and artistic brilliance.



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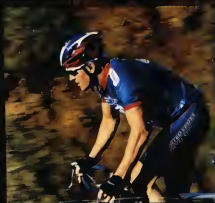
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